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CURRENT COMMENT.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIMS's breezy little excursus into zoology seems not to have disturbed the jackasses, horses and zebras as much as it has the swine. The Sinn Feiners and their Irish-American sympathizers have not taken the Admiral's strictures very seriously; fortunately, they have the Celtic sense of humour which would prevent their taking too personal a view of a situation that affords them such excellent entertainment. But the politicians all over the land are "taking on," as the New Englanders say, something awful, and the city of Washington is resonant with lusty squeals. British officialdom is also apparently feeling some bewilderment, as of one who has entertained a white elephant unawares. The Admiral's speech furnished one of the most amusing episodes possible. Probably he will have to undergo some sort of formal discipline, though no doubt it will be light because several members of the Administration share his sentiments so cordially that it is all that one million Irish votes can possibly do to keep them from saying so. It must be a little galling to a man of the Admiral's age and experience, however, to be yanked home like a truant and disciplined by an inland politician who probably, as Mr. Dooley said, "niver see salt wather outside in a pork-bar'l in his life." Discipline is a curious thing.

MILITARISM we think we understand, more or less; nor will we confess that pacifism is entirely beyond our comprehension; but for the life of us we can not make out why it is that the Congress of the United States is Jingo this week, and Quaker the next. There is not a general in the army, or a conscientious objector in jail who believes that the military needs of the United States rise and fall from day to day, like the quotations on wild-cat stocks. The military man wants a big armament, and the C. O. wants none at all, but as far as we can make out, the Congress of the United States wants nothing in particular. We all know what to expect of gentlemen like Hindenburg and Foch and Haig and Pershing, but with the Congress amending the military and naval bills three times every day, we can never guess what the next toss of the coin will bring. The Senators and Representatives may be getting a lot of amusement out of their little game, and we do not begrudge them their fun, but they certainly should not be allowed to play it during business hours.

FROM the first we have believed that it was minerals, not militarism—oil not autocracy—that the Allies and Associated Governments were after when they set out to safeguard the rights of small nations, and now the truth—that you can not keep the lamp of democracy burning without oil—is being corroborated with almost painful frankness by nearly the whole of the French press in its discussion of the proposed Anglo-French alliance. The Paris papers are saying quite bluntly that French and English interests conflict wherever there is oil. The *Temps* says: "Suppose we try to arrange about the Orient—we see that the principal stake in the Orient lies in the oil wealth of the Caucasus, of Mesopotamia and Persia, and that thus the United States is deeply interested." Similarly the *Petit Journal* asks pertinently: "Suppose England wishes us to guarantee our support for her policy of control of the roads to India? One of them leads through the Caucasus, and would give England, if she became mistress of it, the oil-fields of Baku. Do you suppose America would have nothing to say about them?"

THERE it is—oil! Just oil. It is pretty safe to say that in *ante-bellum* days most of the trouble in the European chancelleries arose about this question of oil. Other substances of a mineral nature were of course under discussion before the troubles of small nations gained the attention of such democratic stalwarts as Messrs. Asquith, Poincaré and Sazenov. Tin in Morocco might be thought to be harmless enough but it disturbed the balance of power many times during the decade before the Archduke was murdered at Sarajevo, and certain substances belonging to the vegetable kingdom also played a part in bringing the nations into conflict. Thus corn and cotton in Egypt, rice and tea in China, timber in Siberia, Korea, and Manchuria, even the humble silkworm became at times a matter of international concern, and as for hides and animal fats—they have thrown many a great statesman into a paroxysm of patriotic rage. Oil however, was the dominant factor in precipitating the great war, and it is still considerable of a trouble-maker.

RUSSIA has not been much in the news of late, and the dispatches concerning her progress have been such as one looks at only perfunctorily. One caught our eye last Sunday, however, which we quote merely as an idle luxury and not because we put any confidence in it, for it was a Copenhagen dispatch, and in Russian affairs Copenhagen does not grade much above Helsingfors for reliability. This dispatch asserted on the authority of Krassin that Lenin would shortly return the small industries of Russia to their owners, and give a general guarantee of property-rights in "goods" (i. e., presumably, labour-products) but not in "real estate" (i. e., presumably, land). We wrote an editorial 30 March and again 6 April—and, by the way, were roundly dressed down by our socialist and communist friends for doing it—in which we expressed our hope that Lenin would turn just this trick and intimated the possibility that, being an uncommonly able man, he might in time do so. We repeat that it would take a good deal more than one Copenhagen dispatch to make us believe that our hopes were now in a way of being realized, and we mention the item merely on the ground of "human interest" touchin' on and appertainin' to our noble selves. It pleases us, in short, to do it and it does not by any manner of means hurt the reader.

ACCORDING to reports emanating from Paris, a few shrewd Americans have been taking advantage of the situation which has been created in France by the presence there of an enormous surplus store of American army-goods which are now required neither by the French nor anybody else. Thus we read that one of our keen business men has discovered no less than a million American-made handcuffs in the war-stocks purchased by the French Government. It seems incredible that there should be so many handcuffs in the world. What were they ever made for? Prisoners of war are not as a rule, handcuffed; and even the *post-bellum* crime-wave has not provided in all Europe anything like a million delinquents whose wrists required handcuffs. Now, thanks to American business acumen the locks but not the cuffs, are to be sent back to the land of their origin, for the locks it appears are commercially the most valuable part of the instrument; the cuffs are to remain in France, and the patriot who is harvesting home the locks has made an enormous profit on the deal.

MILLIONS of dollars have been made by our compatriots in France in similar fashion through the purchase of other war-stores. Copper, cigarettes, cigarette-tobacco, pipe-tobacco—several million tins of it, not marketable in France—have been bought up by American firms, who will dump it back into this country and may, if they like, undersell the same brands in our shops. Well, it is interesting to know that some people even yet are squeezing profits out of the war. But what the French were up to when they let our merchants in to reap all the benefits of salvaging these stocks puzzles us exceedingly. Parisian newspapers appear to be pretty well disgusted with the French authorities for permitting these transactions to go through, in spite of the contract between the American and French Governments prohibiting the disposal of war-stores. It is evident that the French taxpayers are being robbed by some one, and perhaps some of them are thinking that those handcuffs—with the locks on—are just the thing they most need at this time. We have our light-fingered gentry over here and why we can not have the handcuffs complete for our own use, or the French for theirs, is a question that we must leave to those who know the laws of commerce better than we know the Penal Code.

THIS paper is glad to present to its readers, on another page of this issue, an eloquent plea for a better understanding of the present plight of France, from the pen of M. Elie Faure, who is possibly the most accomplished and certainly one of the most highly cultivated of contemporary French critics. With much that M. Faure has to say we can heartily agree, but we believe that his logic is at fault when he sets forth France's need of American aid in "creating an economic power that will make her strong enough to resist militarism and organize the revolution." This country might give France financial aid through further governmental credits, through private loans, or through investment of American capital in French industry. Our financiers have already made several private loans to the French Government, at high rates of interest; and the French Government has expended the moneys thus obtained on its imperialistic undertakings: obviously that method is a failure, so far as the economic rehabilitation of France is concerned. If, on the other hand, American capital were invested in French undertakings, the profits would naturally return to America and France would get little out of it save the exploitation of her people. M. Faure certainly does not desire that kind of assistance; nor is he, of course, making a bid for charity. It may safely be assumed then, one would think, that he believes the American Government should aid in this work of rehabilitation.

WE do not presume to say how the American Government would feel about this; nor is that our present concern. The question is of the practicability of such assistance. M. Faure himself says of the French Govern-

ment: "To her [France's] economic disorder they give the name of political order . . . to 'protect' her industry they paralyse it." Surely M. Faure can not think that loans granted to such a Government by our own Government would be used to help the re-establishment of an economic order which the French Government is doing everything in its power to destroy. One can only help people who show a disposition to help themselves, and the French Government has shown since the Versailles Conference no disposition to do much of anything besides wrecking the economic life of all Europe; further American assistance would only protract its vicious policy. The American people, we firmly believe, has only the friendliest feeling for the French people, who are so shockingly misrepresented by a blind and extravagant Government. But Americans themselves have a blind and extravagant Government to support. They are themselves harassed by the paralysis into which their own industry is being "protected." Then, too, they have had a very ambitious naval programme saddled upon them, willy-nilly. In short, it is hardly the time to convince them that they should give further assistance to any foreign Government; they would certainly not view with friendly eyes a governmental loan which would amount to taking upon themselves the burden of a foreign militarism in addition to their own.

In concluding, M. Faure warns the American people that "the empire of the world may all too quickly slip from the hands of those who, though intoxicated with power, have not justice in their hearts." Leaving aside the point that world empire is founded upon might, and never in any sense upon justice, we are constrained to protest that M. Faure seems to expect from the American people a good deal more rationalizing than can reasonably be expected of any people. The people of the United States make M. Faure's own mistake of confounding the French Government with the French people—for although M. Faure draws the distinction he apparently loses sight of it—and they remember that France and England together defrauded the American people at Versailles. For it is undoubtedly true that in fleeing Mr. Wilson, M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George fleeced and disillusioned the American people, who for the most part had accepted with enthusiasm Mr. Wilson's idealistic interpretation of the Allied war-aims. That Mr. Wilson does not escape the disgust with which the American people regard the openly vindictive and rapacious work of the conference in no degree lessens the distrust which was aroused in them by the spirit and methods which ruled it: they do not regard Mr. Wilson as solely responsible for their having been cheated. Their one taste of European affairs was enough for them for some time to come, as they clearly demonstrated in the last election. It would be difficult to show the American people wherein this is unjust to France or wherein they have any further duty towards her. They gave France lavish and enthusiastic aid during the war, and in return they got the Treaty of Versailles. If a man has bought one gold-brick he really can not be blamed if he is a bit over-cautious about his subsequent investments.

IN deliberate and even defiant re-affirmation of the right of the Mexican Government to deal with foreign monopolists exactly as native monopolists are dealt with, President Obregon has just issued a decree which gives the export-taxes on oil an average lift of twenty-five per cent. By thus replying in the language of clinking coin to Mr. Hughes's offer of conditional recognition, Señor Obregon has stirred up a lot of new talk about confiscation. The American oil-men have not been backward about making it known that they consider the new raise in taxes a violation of their vested rights. This declaration is particularly well-timed, for it shows just where the Mexican policy of the State Department is likely to lead. It is in furtherance of this policy that Mr. Hughes has demanded that President Obregon shall guarantee to safeguard against confiscation "the rights of property

which attached before the Constitution of 1917 was promulgated." Now comes the declaration of the oil-men that the new tax is confiscatory.

If the guarantee required by Mr. Hughes were already in force, there would still be abundant cause for trouble in such a decree as the one just promulgated in Mexico. It is quite obvious that the United States Government can not stop short with forcing the Mexican Government to forswear the sovereign power of confiscation. The interpretation of the term itself is a matter of such great importance that Washington can hardly entrust the job to the Mexican Government. The American State Department must be the court of last resort in all such matters; and with the State Department for an interpreter, a guarantee against the confiscation of American holdings may easily be stretched to prohibit any sort of taxation without American consent. If President Obregon realizes this as fully as we hope he does, he will positively refuse to make preliminary concessions which can only lead to the presentation of further demands. If he takes this stand, we may presently know whether or not Mr. Harding's Administration is prepared to push the country into a war for the defence of monopolies in which not one-hundredth of one per cent of the people of the country are in any way interested.

OUT in Tulsa, Oklahoma, they have a theory that any man who lets a mob burn his house is a suspicious character. The thing has gone so far that any Negro found on the streets of that happy city without an identification-card is arrested and clapped into a detention camp. Inasmuch as the Negroes paid most of the expenses of the recent celebration, both in lives and in property, one would suppose that the whites did as much rioting as the blacks, and are fully as much in need of watching. However, the course of law and order in the South is normally somewhat deflected, and the dog-tagging of the Negroes of Tulsa is doubtless only a preliminary to the punishment of a large number of them for not putting up as good a fight as their white opponents.

THE action of the Republican National Committee in reducing the representation of the South in the National Convention is a convincing endorsement of the South's disfranchisement of the Negro. The Southern Democrats keep the Negro from securing representation in Congress, and the Northern Republicans follow suit by cutting back on his representation in the convention of the party. If an explanation of this piece of business were required, Republican leaders might have difficulty in dishing up a good one. But as things stand, there is no reason why they should bother themselves. As representatives of the less of two evils, they naturally expect to get all the black votes, whatever happens. However, there is a bare chance that the Negro will eventually get tired of playing Pullman-porter to a party that accepts his services as a matter of course, and pays for them with a little small change in the way of political appointments. The Negro may decide to get out, since he has never yet been allowed really to get in; and when he gets out, it is not very likely that he will try to climb over into the Democratic party. There's a better chance that the indifference of the Republicans and the hostility of the Democrats will drive him "plum' outa' politics." If the Republicans and the Democrats are interested in the question, let them consider the history of some other objectionable races from whom the lollypop of political action has been too long withheld.

THE American people are so accustomed to render obedience to stupid and oppressive laws that it is no less than astonishing to observe a lapse in their customary docility. The people of New York have exhibited such a lapse in regard to the new State prohibition law. Of the three thousand cases slated for trial under this new statute, several have thus far been tried, and the nearest the State has been able to get to a conviction was a dis-

agreement of the jury in one case. The rest of the offenders have been acquitted, apparently not so much because of the evidence adduced as in spite of it. Thus does repression make criminals and hypocrites of us all. Meanwhile the plans for the Fourth-of-July anti-Volstead demonstration are said to be proceeding smoothly. We considered sending in an application to join the marchers; but on second thought we decided, out of sheer public spirit, to be the spectator. It seems only fitting that some one should see the parade.

A LITTLE over three months ago, New York City put into effect a very mild and stepmotherly tax-exemption on new residence-construction. For the thirteen weeks following this action, according to Borough President Curran, building-plans for new dwellings have been filed at an average of more than a thousand a week. Some day, we should say in the course of a few centuries, the idea will filter into the general consciousness, perhaps even into that of our reforming and liberal friends, that taxation has something to do with housing. The production of houses, like any kind of goods, is stimulated by freedom and retarded by taxation. If a community wants houses, therefore, the first and best thing is to take the brake of taxation off their production. Why, indeed, tax the production of any desirable goods? On the other hand, if there is anything to be gotten rid of for the public good, like superfluous dogs, or bachelors, or land-monopoly, the best and easiest method is to tax it out of existence. Why tax anything you want; and why not tax to the uttermost everything that you do not want? This seems a simple rule of taxation, and a sufficient one.

It is said that surplus labour in the employ of the Federal Government is being reduced at the rate of 1,000 persons a month, and we are promised that this rate is to be increased. Before the war began, Senator Lodge was one of the most caustic critics of the increase in the number of Government employees during the rule of the Democratic bureaucracy, an increase which amounted to over 70,000 in the years 1910 to 1914. The totals for the period ran from 384,088 to 482,721. "These increases," said Mr. Lodge on one occasion, "are enough to give us pause, but when we reflect that there is an active movement on foot to have the Government take over the telegraphs and telephones, the railways and the steamships of the country, we can see that these hundreds of thousands of offices now existent will be raised, if Government ownership prevails, to several millions." Even in these enlightened days of a Republican Administration the Senator must feel uneasy when he observes the growing strength and power of the bureaucracy in Washington. Is it not a little strange that the taxpayer should be placed in the invidious position of having to maintain the legions of parasites that infest the machinery of government when we have so many disciples of Herbert Spencer in the Senate and connected with the Administration? We heartily recommend to those who are interested in the theory of government, the several prefaces to the last American edition of Mr. Spencer's essay, "The Man Versus the State," if they would learn what the real hundred-per-cent Americans such as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. David Jayne Hill, ex-President Taft, and Senators Lodge and Root, really think of our bureaucracy and the afflictions that it puts upon the taxpayer.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE SHEEPISHNESS OF THE SHEEP.

OUR socialist contemporary the New York *Call* has recently met with rough treatment from the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. We do not know just what the *Call* expected to get out of measuring its strength with that of the Government of these United States, but we can not imagine its being greatly surprised at the decision of the court that certain of its editorials, adduced as evidence against it by the Government, were actionable as indecent and obscene. The Congress which passed the law excluding indecent literature from the mails, obviously intended, in defining as indecent anything inciting to arson, murder, or assassination, that officials should be able to do exactly what Mr. Burleson did—to invoke that section of the Penal Code against disseminators of unorthodox political doctrine. Therefore if the Court of Appeals has virtually placed a sedition law upon the statute-books through this decision, as Assistant Attorney-General Lamar declares it has, it has only carried out the evident intention of a Congress which had not the experience of the war-period to teach it the extent to which it might openly and directly abrogate the rights of the American people.

Mr. Burleson's contention that the *Call* had violated Section 211 of the Penal Code was not his reason for continuing to exclude that paper from the mails after the repeal of the Espionage Act; it was merely his excuse. His reason was fear of the *Call's* industrial and social doctrines. This was also his reason, no doubt, for excluding the *Call* from the mails under the Espionage Act. A glance at the decision rendered by the Court of Appeals is enough to convince one that fear, rather than any consideration of justice under fundamental American law, was the determining factor in that decision. Furthermore, going back to the passage of Section 211, it was evidently fear which prompted Congress to set up the Post Office Department as censor of the public's reading-matter, in frank violation of the Constitutional right of free speech and free press; and specifically, to give to the word *indecent* the peculiar meaning which it carries in that section. Now it is clearly not fear of arson, murder or assassination in themselves which causes the three branches of our Government such concern; for Governments themselves do not hesitate upon occasion to incite to all three of these crimes. It is the possibility of interference with the Government's monopoly of arson, murder and assassination which they find so alarming. In other words, they are apprehensive lest these weapons should be adopted by revolutionaries who wish to change the economic system of our society. Viewed in the light of this fear, their actions appear quite natural and explicable, and indeed inevitable.

For the first concern of political government is to perpetuate itself and the economic order upon which it depends. It is concerned with justice only incidentally, and in so far as justice does not interfere with its primary object of self-perpetuation. Indeed it is its own protection of injustice that makes it so afraid for its life, and so sternly repressive of any evidence that there exists among the people a consciousness of this injustice and a desire to abolish it. If the dissenting elements are not repressed, it is not because of Constitutional claims to freedom of speech or action, but because the Government is not quite sure enough of itself to go that far. Our own Government, for instance, has given ample proof that it has precious little

respect for the Constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press, and free assembly, and that it will go just as far in violating those rights as the people of this country will allow it to go. The *Call* has such thorough first-hand knowledge of this lack of official concern with Constitutional guarantees that it would be difficult to believe that it took its case against Mr. Burleson into the courts for any other reason than to furnish the American people with a further proof that their boasted freedom exists only in the jargon of demagogues.

An expensive demonstration, one would think, and one which will have no very widespread effect, because the American people, like most peoples, has all the freedom it wants. Not that it is indifferent to liberty; it simply has no idea what liberty means; and its failure in imagination is the real reason why freedom in this country is little more than a word. It is never, in short, the wolfishness of the wolves that need worry one; it is the sheepishness of the sheep. The American people really do not want freedom; they want to be alike. It is no disparagement to say this. They are simply not yet far enough removed from the pioneer period when the preservation of the community depended upon its close cohesion, to have much beside suspicion and distrust for people who presume to differ from the majority in behaviour or belief. The majority of Americans are furthermore thoroughly steeped in the superstition, bred into them by every social influence, that ours is a popular government; and their faith induces a slavish submission to law and to the dictates of bureaucrats, which is even more remarkable than the lawlessness of Government officials. It is this disability which makes it easy for our Government to deprive us at its pleasure of our Constitutional rights, with our tacit majority-approval. In a country which valued freedom, a decision like that of the Court of Appeals would arouse such popular protest as would very soon drive to cover the Government which dared thus to take liberties with the rights of its people; in this country it has not apparently caused so much as a ripple of popular interest. Its only value, so far as this paper can see, is that it adds somewhat to the cumulative burden of restrictions and oppressions which is one day going to make the American people realize that they are not free. It is only through excessive repression, unfortunately, that any people comes really to grasp the meaning of freedom, and although the American people learn with great slowness and difficulty, still they are bound to learn eventually that if they put their rights in trust with a Government they are likely to get some few of them back in a considerably damaged condition, and most of them not at all.

OUR WAY IN THE CARIBBEAN.

Now that the State Department has made something like a promise that the military forces of the United States will eventually be withdrawn from the Dominican Republic, it becomes appropriate for us to safeguard ourselves against any outburst of national self-righteousness, by inquiring just what this withdrawal is likely to amount to. For example, we may ask—though not too innocently—whether the home-coming of the marines will mark the termination of a protectorate which makes invasion possible at any time, or will it simply put an end to a single period of military occupation. Are we to celebrate the deliverance of Santo Domingo from control by the United States, or deliverance of the United States from the immediate necessity for the use of force in the maintenance of that

control? It seems to us that the question is a fairly important one, and yet there is little likelihood of its being very much discussed in this country. On the contrary, we expect to hear a great deal of blather about the good work the United States has done by setting the Dominican Republic up in business and then leaving the Dominicans themselves to collect the profits. We expect this kind of talk because we have heard a good deal of it already in the case of Cuba; and yet history and horse-sense combine to convince us that the Dominicans will not have much more to say about the ultimate destiny of their half-island on the day after the withdrawal of the United States marines than they had on the day before.

The definite control of the little Republic by the United States did not begin when our soldiers disembarked there in 1916; it began in 1905, when, in order to secure a bond-issue which saved the Republic from bankruptcy, an American receiver-general was placed in charge of the Dominican customs under a guarantee of protection by the American and Dominican Governments, and a pledge was given that the Republic would not further increase its national debt without specific authorization from Washington. The assassination of the President of Santo Domingo, and a subsequent increase of the public debt, resulted in several visits by the American Navy in 1911, and the attempted overthrow of the Chief Executive in 1916 was the signal for the beginning of the occupation which still continues. During the course of the year 1916, the Congress of Santo Domingo elected a temporary President, but the United States made recognition conditional upon the continued collection of customs under American auspices, the appointment of an American financial adviser, and the establishment of a constabulary force commanded by American officers. The island Congress refused to accept these conditions, and was thereupon suspended. Since that time some of the elected officials of the country have served without pay, but Americans have been in complete control and have even gone so far as to market a new bond-issue in the name of the Republic. If the withdrawal now contemplated means simply a return to the pre-war protectorate, the Dominicans are welcome to get out of it what consolation they may. However, we are inclined to think that a careful examination of the dome of their capitol on the morrow of the American sailing will convince them that our flag is still there.

But in case the Dominicans have not already been sufficiently instructed in American ways by their own experience, they might learn something from Cuba. The truth flamed up on this island the other day, hot enough to singe the eagle's tail-feathers. Deputy Maza introduced into the Cuban Congress a resolution asking the Chief Executive to furnish the Congress with information in regard to the mission of General Crowder, and the powers possessed by that gentleman. By way of giving this interpellation a good send-off, the Deputy declared that the United States, in aiding Cuba to obtain her independence, had acted simply for the selfish purpose of increasing American world-power.

To us it seems quite remarkable that the Congress should have passed such a businesslike resolution, with such an introduction, and yet it was actually passed. The vote is remarkable for two reasons: first, because by all accounts, the presence of General Crowder in Cuba has been of the greatest service to the Conservative party, which carried the elections held recently under the General's auspices; and second, because American bankers are at this moment threatening to put Cuba out of business by temporarily suspending

financial operations in the island. The situation in Cuba is already bad enough. Sugar is a drug on the market and there is twice as much of this commodity in Cuban warehouses now as there was a year ago. New York banks are said to have approximately \$40 million tied up in this frozen credit. With affairs in this state, some of the newspapers of Havana are attacking the solvency of the American banks in Cuba, with the evident hope of "breaking" them, and driving them out of the island, even if this has to be done at great cost to Cuban depositors. The banks have threatened to close their doors if this propaganda is not stopped, the Government has remonstrated with the newspapers, and the damaging talk is no doubt destined to lapse into respectful silence. Nevertheless, the reckless protests of the newspapers and the Congress give evidence that Cuba is not quite comfortable under an American occupation which is just as real to-day as it was in '98.

MR. HOOVER'S OPPORTUNITY.

It has been maintained, by the late Mr. Roosevelt among others, that had Turgot been permitted to have his way, the French Revolution would have been peaceful and beneficent rather than violent and sterile. Without attempting to draw too close a parallel between pre-revolutionary France and present-day America, enough similarity may be observed to warrant the inquiry as to how the principles advocated by Turgot would apply to our present problems. In both cases a grave financial crisis had to be faced, deep social unrest allayed, and old abuses corrected; and in both cases powerful interests, near and dear to Government, were determined to resist reform. Turgot's plan was to abolish special privileges, remove artificial restraints, and to trust to the free play of competition; and there is no doubt that, were he a member of President Harding's cabinet, he would seek to apply the same general principles.

Unfortunately, Turgot is not a member of the present Administration, but his ideas are available to anyone who cares to become acquainted with them, and we could wish that Mr. Hoover would apply himself to their mastery, since he is called upon to deal with questions of trade and finance to which they are especially applicable. If he were to follow the example of the great Frenchman, he would doubtless arouse formidable antagonism, but he would have the double advantage of a considerable personal prestige and wide publicity, and could count upon a large measure of favourable public opinion.

It may seem fantastic to suggest an assault upon the system of governmental favouritism by a member of Mr. Harding's political household, but there are powerful forces at work undermining the foundations of protectionism, such as were wanting to Turgot in his campaign. The protectionists no longer derive their wonted support from the banking-world, as witness Mr. Thomas Lamont's plea for freer trade, which must have fallen in certain quarters with the violence of a high explosive. While Congress is busy building tariff-walls, no body of business men can meet without allusion to the need of opening the way for foreign trade, both as a means of receiving payment for interest on loans, and of finding new markets for our surplus produce. The vice-president of the International Chamber of Commerce put it in its most peremptory form when he declared recently before the élite of Wall Street that "freedom of trade and equal privilege and opportunity, without the menace of

government-control or monopoly, are essential to world accord." The day must come, he added, when liberty will be the rule, and the nations will open their doors on equal terms to the business men of other nations.

One of the first things that Mr. Hoover noticed when he undertook the duties of Secretary of Commerce was the use of the machinery of government everywhere (a machinery highly developed to meet war-conditions), to obtain a favourable position at the expense of other countries. The interests of the several nations comprising the Allies, united for war-purposes, now appeared separate and conflicting. He saw governmental buying-combinations purchasing food, coal, phosphates, leather, etc., and he realized that the answer would be a corresponding selling-combination for American producers whose interests were adversely affected by the elimination of competition.

At the same time the Governments were busy securing for their nationals "exclusive concessions over raw material and the implements of commerce." The French in Mesopotamia, the British in India and elsewhere, were carrying the development of the protectionist system far beyond the point reached by Germany, and cited as among the causes leading to the world-war. Mr. Hoover did not overlook the fact that armed production has been greatly stimulated by the concentration of power in governmental hands, and that the stage is set for international conflict as never before. He has spoken of the "tendency toward militant exploitation and domination of commerce" as a potential menace to the peace of the world. Diplomatic support in commercial rivalries brings the armed forces into play. "It means irresistible pressure to exert intolerant national strength. It means the enforcement of this strength by the weight of government, which means armies and navies."

There is nothing new in this picture, but its frank recognition by agents of government would be significant if a common-sense solution were within the realm of the possible. It has not yet appeared that Mr. Hoover is seeking to apply one. In spite of a professional respect for scientific detachment, he would have to transcend party-prejudice and popular ignorance of the laws of political economy before he could become an effective instrument of liberation. But we can not shut our eyes to the opportunity for real distinction that is now within his grasp could he but rise to the occasion.

Allied with the selfish interest of the protected manufacturer is the blind patriotism which seeks a walled-in and self-sufficient national policy. These forces are no doubt strong in the afterglow of war, but their power is threatened by the logic of the financial situation already referred to. This division of interest within party-ranks makes the President's function as interpreter of the wishes of the business world a rather ticklish one, but it opens a way of escape if he can be persuaded by far-seeing counsellors that the time has come to scrap protection for the sake of bigger game. The immense increase in national budgets, and the dependence of governments upon the banking-fraternity, make this a natural time of transition. As the millionaires were driven out to Harlem by the multimillionaires, so the captains of industry have been forced to give the centre of the stage to generals of finance—for credit is the very pulse of the machine in a civilization that is being devoured by interest.

If Mr. Hoover were to discover the importance of economic freedom as a means of removing the mailed

fist from international trade, as well as for increasing the volume of goods flowing in and out of American ports, he would not necessarily be subjected to a charge of treachery outside Home Market Club circles. There is ample support among recognized men of affairs for the contention that the way to increase trade is to remove restrictions, and Mr. Hoover's prestige as an engineer and skilled executive would prove a strong asset, to say nothing of the weight of truth and international justice. He is in a position to start a new era of good will by declaring that the selfish game, which brings poverty and starvation in its train, is played out. He could cite the effect of the new tariff-legislation, actual and prospective, in causing retaliatory measures in other countries, as illustrated by the Canadian proposals which will, it is said, practically place an embargo on \$168,000,000 of exports, and will correspondingly reduce the demand for American goods.

There need be no doubt that a change of front on the part of the United States would meet with reciprocal treatment abroad. If Europe depends upon the good will of the United States in the matter of credits, the good will may be made to depend upon a reciprocity that will remove the actual menace of exclusive privilege maintained by force. This paper would like to believe that some such stirring in the political depths is going on, and hence the slow progress of the so-called permanent tariff through the committee stage. To Mr. Hoover more than to anyone in official life to-day fate seems to offer successive chances for distinction. It is now within his power to exert a strong influence upon the Administration in which he holds a key position, and by conforming to a policy of international morality and justice help not only to restore the productive ability of the world, but to remove the chief obstacle to disarmament and retrenchment. He would thus cap his achievement in distributing the food supplied by charity to the starving, by making it possible for those in want to save themselves by their own exertions, and thus helping to restore the equilibrium of civilized life.

THE GREATER STUPIDITY.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, the English playwright and critic, has published in the current *Atlantic Monthly* an article entitled "The Great Stupidity," wherein he undertakes to show that those who are fostering ill will between the people of England and those of the United States are doing a very stupid thing. The article is courteous and every sentence in it shows a great effort after magnanimity and restraint; so great, indeed, that the paper becomes, on the whole, rather hard to read. One feels a sort of sympathetic constriction, as one does when listening to a tight-throated singer, in perusing the product of so calculated and deliberate a virtue. But the effort does Mr. Archer credit, and all men of good will should feel obliged to him for making it.

Mr. Archer's admonitions are chiefly addressed, as was becoming, to his fellow-countrymen. He has so little to say directly to Americans that one wonders why he should have chosen to publish this kind of paper in an American review. One can not say, of course, how large an English circulation the *Atlantic Monthly* has, but probably it is not in a position to compete seriously with the *Fortnightly*, for instance, or with the other excellent reviews to which Mr. Archer undoubtedly has access. Unless there were some special reason for his choice, his taste in publishing this article in an American review appears question-

able. After all, if Mr. Augustus Thomas, for example, proposed to lecture Americans on their deportment towards the French, it would seem, to say the very least, rather indirect for him to set about doing it in the pages of the *Mercure de France*. If he did so, indeed, a Frenchman might not unjustifiably suspect that for every one word of admonition to his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Augustus Thomas was by implication offering two to the French. Possibly Mr. Archer arranged for simultaneous publication of his paper in an English review. This is often done, and would be quite the easy and natural thing to do with a paper of this type. One dislikes to think that Mr. Archer, while so strictly, even perhaps a little ostentatiously, limiting his excellent discourse to the shortcomings of the English, really had the Americans in his eye throughout most of it; and we therefore hope to find that he has brought out his paper simultaneously in England.

It seems to us that one may go along rather easily with most of what Mr. Archer has to say. Mischief-making is a detestable vice; and that special form of mischief-making that proceeds from ignorance and stupidity is perhaps worst of all. We wish, however, since he chose to write in an American review, that Mr. Archer had paid a little more attention to the grievances which Americans really feel, and less to those which they do not feel and are in no way likely to feel. He mentions the strictures of *Punch*—with an apology, it is true, for descending “from world-wars to pin-pricks”—and he acknowledges that “Americans have certain historic reasons for disliking us—bad reasons, but comprehensible.” Well, it is hard for us to imagine any but an uncommonly irascible and self-conscious American being seriously offended by Sir Owen Seaman’s little pleasantries, especially since the jaundiced Englishman has been a stock figure on our comic stage from the days of “Lord Dundreary” and in our comic papers ever since *Vanity Fair*—and all without prejudice or offence. As to our historic reasons for disliking the English, Mr. William Archer has here come within reaching distance of a distinction which, if he had grasped it, would greatly have helped him in his effort to reconcile and unite the two civilizations.

What does Mr. Archer mean when he says *the English*? Everything depends upon his answer to this question. If he means the English people and most, if not all, fundamental English traditions and institutions, it seems to us that he has utterly wasted such space as he devotes to the American side of the case. If Mr. Archer has discovered in this country enough dislike of the English, that is to say, of English men and women, to deserve being talked about or thought of for a moment, we should be grateful for information about it, and unfeignedly astonished as well, for we have never discovered any such thing. We have often heard about it, but when we set about running it down we found either that it was always somewhere in the next county, like the German atrocities in Belgium, or else that it was not dislike of the English at all, but of something entirely different—something which we shall presently name. If Mr. Archer knows that “Americans have certain historic reasons for disliking us”—that is, by “us” meaning Englishmen and Englishwomen, we should be obliged to him for telling us what those are. We will go even further, though on less secure ground. Mr. Archer speaks handsomely of the cause of Ireland, and says that if he were an Irish-American, he would probably make use of his opportunities to embroil the two countries. Now, if he has

found among the Irish-Americans themselves any considerable rancour against Englishmen and Englishwomen, if he, as a visiting Englishman, has been treated coldly or hatefully by the general run of Irish-Americans, we would cheerfully lose a small wager. If Mr. Archer has found Americans disrespectful towards fundamental English traditions or dissenting from anything that he has said about them in the course of his paper, his experience is not what ours has been.

If, however, Mr. Archer, in his use of the words *England* and *English* means the English Government, the case is somewhat different. Strictly speaking, it is the acme of absurdity, if we may venture an opinion, to say that Americans dislike the English; but a great many of us heartily dislike, distrust and despise the English Government, and there is every reason, historical and contemporaneous, why we should do so. In his failure to recognize this important distinction, Mr. Archer is either not quite clear or not quite fair. If he does not perceive the distinction, his estimate of American sentiment and responsibilities is in consequence addled. If he does see it but deliberately continues to speak as though it were non-existent, his estimate is disingenuous and marks him as a mere attorney. We do not like to think of Mr. Archer in this way, and indeed do not so think of him. We think of him as taken in quite unawares by the fiction that his Government really represents his people and that our Government really represents ours. We beg Mr. Archer to look over his article again in the light of this suggestion, and see whether he might not have expressed himself to better advantage if he had carefully differentiated the feelings of Americans towards England and the English from their feelings towards the English Government.

Many Americans—ourselves among the number—think that the British Government has victimized us by a most gross and scandalous course of deception about the origins and aims of the war. Its Foreign Office filled our land with spies and propagandists. Its navy stopped our ships and ransacked our cargoes. Its censorship intercepted our mails, controlled our telegraphic communications, and regularly and continuously made use of commercial information acquired by these disreputable means, to promote the trade of Great Britain at the expense of ours. It secured our assistance in the war by the wholesale dissemination among us of what the mere lapse of time has shown to be the most prodigious lies. Its attitude towards us has throughout, in short, been meretricious, unscrupulous, deceitful and cynical; it has exploited our sympathy with a most callous effrontery, used our means and our manhood to further a course of consummate iniquity, and when it no longer needed us for its immediate purposes, turned the cold shoulder on our disappointment in contemptuous silence. The British Government appears to us throughout the whole course of its post-armistice activities, as almost troglodytic in its inhumanity. Mr. Archer speaks of Ireland and the Irish-Americans; does he imagine that the Irish-Americans are the only ones in this country who know diabolical cruelty when they see it, the only ones who can be shocked by it, the only ones who feel resentment towards its perpetrators? One can not help wondering what Americans Mr. Archer met while here, that he should thus naïvely intimate a monopoly of humane instincts on the part of the Irish who are among us.

If Mr. Archer is not repelled by our plain speaking, he may reply that our own Government acted in full collusion with the British Government in the practice

of these enormities which we reprehend. This is true; and to make our position quite clear, we hasten to say that we think that the United States Government is on a precise moral level with the British Government. We can call Mr. Archer's attention, however, to the fact that the people showed what they thought of Mr. Wilson's Administration at the first available opportunity, and showed it with a decisiveness that admitted neither doubt nor peradventure; and having thus made short shrift within the purview of their own responsibility, they show by implication also what they think of their Government's co-conspirators abroad.

We wish that Mr. Archer would write another paper characterized by a little better insight and—we must say it—a little more frankness. We wish that he would take the trouble to understand the real grievance of a respectable number of Americans and to discern the real object of their dislike. We would not ask for one word more about the bigness of America, its rivers, its skyscrapers, the common language or the common tradition. Let Mr. Archer next time make a clean sweep of all this, we beg of him, and thus save his readers many a groan of impatience. Let him ascertain American feelings towards the English people and talk as much as he likes about those; let him ascertain American feelings towards the English Government, and talk about those; but we ask him in all kindness not again to confuse the one set of feelings with the other. Mr. Archer wishes to promote peace; well, he will find all the heartier co-operation from his American admirers if he will only get their case straight in his mind. A great Englishman of the last generation said that "the peace of the world depends on as much intercourse as possible betwixt peoples and as little as possible betwixt Governments." Why might not Mr. Archer frankly take this text for another article in an American review, and show its extraordinary applicability in the present relations between England and America? Nothing would be more welcome, nothing more clearing and healing. Only, if Mr. Archer will permit the suggestion, it should be done as simply and directly as possible and carried on to its full logical length; and above all, it should eschew the language of compliment and ceremony. Mr. Archer has already done handsomely by our geography and our architecture; no one could ask more. Now let him show that he understands our sentiments as well.

IN RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

A FADED, ruptured couch and a highly varnished oak rocking-chair stand on the front porch against a background of sooty, unpainted clapboard. The tenant-farmer, or farm-labourer, his body bowed on the horizontal part of the dingy lounge, his red face half hidden in the bleached fabric, snores so loudly that he almost drowns the rasping of a phonograph in the cottage-parlour which is blaring some familiar "jazz" melody. His wife sits in the rocker, which she propels in time with the rhythm of the negroid music. She is a young woman, and there is still enough beauty in her lithe form to strike through her slovenly attire and arrest the eye of passers-by. But her face is already as pinched and meagre from fatigue as her body will be in a few more years.

On the "front lawn," that is to say, on a patch of coarse, uncut grass bisected by a foot-path between the cottage and the road, two children are playing mumblety-peg with an old jack-knife. Unlike their father and mother, these two girls have been arrayed in "Sunday clothes," neat, checked gingham, and unlike their parents they have fresh, wholesome, alert faces and a spirit of play left for Sunday afternoons. They are very intent on the tumblings of the old jack-knife, clap their hands and utter shrill cries over a good throw. One of these outbursts awakens an infant in an incongruously new and trimly painted baby-carriage at one end of the porch.

A steady stream of motors rushes by the tenant's cottage. Most of them are Fords loaded to capacity with farm-folk,

sitting bolt upright and looking grimly ahead into the cloud of dust that obscures the road and powders the shoulders of the highway to a depth of fifty feet on either side. Occasionally a high-powered car screeches its way through the procession of Fords, throwing up a heavy, yellow column of dust that the wind flings unbroken against the cottage. The air is congested with dirt and raucous noises, the roar of machinery and horns, the screeching of the phonograph, the rattling snore of the sleeping farmer, the wail of the baby. Except for the children playing with the jack-knife there is no evidence that there is any mean here between high nervous tension and sodden slumber—there is no genuine repose in this corner of rural New England on a Sunday afternoon.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, one suspects, it may have been otherwise. Each community was then a self-sustaining social unit, if no longer an almost independent economic one. The "team-haul" from the village centre, or "the Street," as they call it, marked the boundaries of the district. There was more neighbourliness, and, although farming has always been the hardest of hard work, less fatigue; for the farm had not yet been geared and belted to the industrial dynamo whose vibrations to-day are shaking to pieces the society of the most remote country-sides. The exploiter had not got his strangle hold on the land and the products of the land. Whole milk may have sold for less than two cents a quart on the dairy-platform but it was not resold in the cities for nine times that amount to the producers of clothing and farm-machinery. The farm-worker and the city worker had not been thrown out of step to that extent.

In those days, too, the marble quarries of the district had not yet been bought and shut down by the marble monopoly. There was an alternative for day-labour in these many vast excavations in the hills that have become emerald pools in alabaster settings. But now the cranes swing idle, the cables rust and the spur of railway that was built to carry out the marble is overgrown with grass and weeds. The remaining force of able-bodied labour must emigrate or apply itself wholly to an agriculture that is preyed upon by another monopoly or "gentlemen's agreement"—the milk-monopoly.

So the poverty of the labourers and the straitened circumstances of the farmers who are just beginning to become husbandmen, make the life of men and women in this rural community as harassed and rigorous as the lives of the industrial workers in the cities; and, as in cities, the greatest compensations come to the men and women who serve directly, in non-essential activities, their urban exploiters. A steady job on the local golf-course is a better bet than intermittent farm-labour throughout the summer. A boarding-house or small hotel is more profitable than a farm. To rent a small freehold with a renovated farmhouse for a summer season is a wiser move than an attempt to live on it and produce food. If you get over on the winning side and exploit the exploiter you can gain a Sunday afternoon's repose in New England—or you can drive a Ford at thirty miles an hour through a pillar of dust, if you prefer.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH

CHEKHOV'S NOTEBOOK.

Z., ANGRILY and sententiously; "Why don't you give me your wife's letters to read? Aren't we relations?"

LORD, don't allow me to condemn or to speak of what I do not know or do not understand.

WHY do people describe only the weak, surly and frail as sinners? And every one, when he advises others to describe only the strong, healthy, and interesting, means himself.

FOR a play: a character always lying without rhyme or reason.

N. N., a littérateur, critic, plausible, self-confident, very liberal-minded, talks about poetry; condescendingly agrees with one—and I see that he is a man absolutely without talent (I haven't read him). Some one suggests going to Ai-Petri. I say that it is going to rain, but we set out. The road is muddy, it rains, the critic sits next to me, I feel his lack of talent. He is wooed and made a fuss of as if he were a bishop. When the weather cleared up, I went back on foot. How easily people deceive themselves, how they love prophets and soothsayers; what a herd it is! Another person went with us, a Councillor of State, middle-aged, silent because he thinks he is

right and despises the critic, because he too is without talent. A girl afraid to smile because she is among clever people.

ALEXEY IVANITCH PROKHLADITELNY (refreshing) or Doushepasitelny (soul-saving). A girl: "I would marry him, but am afraid of the name—Madam Refreshing."

A DREAM of a keeper in the zoological gardens. He dreams that there was presented to the zoo first a marmot, then an emu, then a vulture, then a she-goat, then another emu; the presentations are made without end and the zoo is crowded out—the keeper wakes up in horror wet with perspiration.

To harness slowly but drive rapidly is in the nature of this people, said Bismarck.

WHEN an actor has money, he doesn't send letters but telegrams.

WITH insects, out of the caterpillar comes the butterfly; with mankind it is the other way round, out of the butterfly comes the caterpillar. [There is a play on words here; the Russian word for butterfly also means a woman.]

THE dogs in the house became attached, not to their masters who fed them, but to the cook, a foreigner, who beat them.

THE soil is so good, that, were you to plant a shaft, in a year's time a cart would grow out of it.

X. and Z., very well-educated and of radical views, married. In the evening they talked together pleasantly, then quarrelled, then came to blows. In the morning both are ashamed and surprised, they think that it must have been the result of some exceptional state of their nerves. Next night again a quarrel and blows; and so every night until at last they realize that they are not at all educated, but savage, just like the majority of people.

A PLAY: in order to avoid having visitors, Z. pretends to be a regular tippler, although he drinks nothing.

WHEN children appear on the scene, then we justify all our weaknesses, our compromises, and our snobbery, by saying: "It's for the children's sake."

Z., an engineer or doctor, went on a visit to his uncle, an editor; he became interested, began to go there frequently; then became a contributor to the paper, little by little gave up his profession; one night he came out of the newspaper-office, remembered, and seized his head in his hands—"all is lost!" He began to go grey. Then it became a habit, he was quite white now and flabby, an editor, respectable but obscure.

A PRIVY COUNCILLOR, an old man, looking at his children, became a radical himself.

THE clown in the circus—that is talent, and the waiter in the frock coat speaking to him—that is the crowd; the waiter with an ironical smile on his face.

HE has a rarefaction of the brain and his brains have leaked into his ears.

"WHAT? Writers?" If you like, for a shilling I'll make a writer of you."

AN actress, forty years old, ugly, ate a partridge for dinner, and I felt sorry for the partridge, for it occurred to me that in its life it had been more talented, more sensible, and more honest than that actress.

THE doctor said to me: "If," says he, "your constitution holds out, drink to your heart's content."

WHY do the trees grow and so luxuriantly, when the owners are dead?

BETTER to perish from fools than to accept praise from them.

THE guests had gone: they had played cards and everything was in disorder: tobacco-smoke, scraps of paper, and chiefly—the dawn and memories.

I DREAMT that I was in India and that one of the local princes presented me with an elephant, two elephants even. I was so worried about the elephant that I woke her.

HE loved the sort of literature which did not upset him—Schiller, Homer, etc.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMPSEY MYTH.

I WISH to see Dempsey beaten when he clashes with the French idol, Carpentier, because I long for a state of society in which the last things shall be first, and the first last. My nerves shriek at our American infantile attitude toward life. It is not good for any people to worship inferior men and Dempsey is an inferior, despite the efforts of the army of editors, sport-writers, cartoonists, camera-men and scenario-writers who are now building a great-man myth after the manner of their building of the Roosevelt, Wilson and Billy Sunday myths.

Jack Dempsey is just a good farmer and a healthy hobo gone wrong in the process of becoming a champion athlete. As a man he will be lucky if he is slapped back into fistic mediocrity on 2 July, for he has in him the makings of a good man. But as a champion the man in Jack Dempsey dies; as a champion he is going the way of ninety per cent of super-athletes—the way of excess and a quick finish.

Commercialized sport has a colourful history. Let it die. Better that men compete again for an honourable mention or a sprig of myrtle. Let it die with the old social order. There are finer potential athletes on many an American farm than inhabit the jungles of Broadway. It must be so, for men of fine quality do not sell their manhood for the plaudits of their kind.

I am telling you nothing, gullible reader, that will surprise the few intelligent persons on the inside of the athletic world. I am a thoroughly disillusioned individual and I would as soon expect milk from a goose-berry bush as truth from a newspaper man. Instead of truth you are getting only chaff, chaff, chaff! Yet truth is so engrossing that one might well forgo his dinner for it! "Give us truth!" cry the weary public. "Our kingdom for the truth about the training methods of these contenders." The fact is, dear gullibles, the whole caboodle—promoters, managers, handlers, rubbers, fighters, press-agents, sport-writers, lounge-lizards, procurers and con men—are so busy pulling your leg and splitting the swag forty ways that they lie mechanically. You will be told before 2 July, many supposed facts about Jack Dempsey's major fistic encounters. Just bank on it, you will *not* be told the truth!—save now and then when the truth will serve the purpose of myth-building as effectively as a lie.

Yet despite the lies, this contest is truly one of the most portentous in all the long annals of boxing. There is an angle to this encounter that not a single boxing expert has hit upon, or is likely to hit upon. I have a theory, and being wise, I use it as a crutch until I am able to walk alone, and now, my dear reader, I throw you the crutch. Use it and you will be laughed at by the wiseacres who will run with nimble feet to place their money on the American champion. I carried this theory of mine into the great Carpentier's training-quarters last autumn just as naturally and as inevitably as I carried my two eyes and two ears, and being a person of some discernment,

not to mention the crutch, I saw more and heard more than the scribes.

In Carpentier I saw a high type man, a master of the art of fisticuffs, a super-athlete, one possessing a marvelous co-ordination of nerve and muscle and an almost uncanny perception of his opponent's mental processes. This uncanny power to perceive the action of one's opponent, and to disconcert him through anticipatory defence and offence marks the unusual man. It is the hall-mark of genius. It is a gift. It can not be acquired any more than the springs of poetry can be instilled in a devotee of the art. It is something you either have or you have not, something which not all the gods can give you. This power plus, this instinct, this mental subtlety is, as I see it, feminine at its source. It is, as well, feline. For the cat family is feminine in character just as truly as the dog family is masculine. Watch a cat fight a dog. So will the great Carpentier fight Dempsey. The cat arches her back, nerves a-tingle, and waits Mr. Dog out. The dog can not endure the suspense. He strikes, often foolishly, without any plan, solely to relieve the tension. But before the ill-directed blow has scarcely started on its way the cat is on top of her opponent like a flash. The cat may not seriously hurt the dog, but she is sure to disconcert and worry him. Then the cat may flee, and flee in a great panic, but that ability to stop short and deliver an unexpected attack—ah, that is the forte of the cat!

Unless Dempsey socks the Frenchman fearfully hard in the early rounds and retains his self-confidence, how foolish and dog-like Dempsey will be made to look at times, and how worried he will be; and if worried and baffled, then inevitably the stronger personality of the Frenchman will overawe the less vigorous personality of the American. Then the thought will enter into Dempsey's slower-moving brain that he has no business contesting with this strange creature who acts and looks like no other creature he has ever encountered within the ring or out of it.

If Carpentier has the stamina to step twelve fast rounds, Dempsey's one chance to win lies in his ability to retain his self-confidence unshaken. In this connexion the tactics of Manager Kearns are absolutely correct, viz., to instil in Dempsey's mind the notion that he is unbeatable and that the Frenchman is no great shucks anyhow. Dempsey must not do much thinking about this contest. He must not even consider defeat. He must get fit, step into the ring, clang goes the bell, they are at it. . . .

On the other hand the Frenchman, having a superior mind, can with impunity contemplate defeat, shrug his shoulders and say: "Oo lala, Mistaire Jack may give me an awful thumping!" comb his hair and fight like seven devils.

Now then, that we have the fight down to a cat-and-dog basis, and have assumed that feline is a fair synonym for feminine, permit me to show you, excellent reader, how the crutch works before I give it to you; and just why this is a fight of unusual significance.

Jack Dempsey, you know—or you don't know—represents the old order and typifies the predominance of the male in society. He fittingly represents the hundred-per-cent masculine of fang and claw, of dwarfed powers of reflection and of scant imagination, a creature of fierce and uncontrolled desire, big-hearted but woefully slow in the head. He represents the present order of society that loves fighting and makes little inquiry as to the why and wherefore of fighting. He represents this clannish world that defines ethics as a system of social deportment that ex-

tends to members of the gang only. Choose then your champion.

On the other hand, Georges Carpentier represents the new order and typifies the predominance of the feminine in the social functions. I confess I can not see clearly here and do not yet know whether he typifies merely the coming bolshevik predominance, or—as well—the social order that is to follow, a social order which will be ruled by the spirit of Christ—though it seems to me that both the bolshevik and Christ orders are feminine.

When I went to see the great Carpentier in training, I took along my two eyes and my two ears, and I saw this French marvel take advantage of his smaller and inferior opponent and fell him with a thump the power and speed of which were such I could see the blow start and could see it land but I could not follow its course. The writers of the press did not comment upon this rate of speed!

But, my sceptical reader, you say mere speed is not necessarily feminine. Well! *But I heard Carpentier scream before the blow landed.* Some heard a groan, some heard a grunt. Naturally they inferred the groaning or grunting came from the thumped rather than from the thumper. The writers for the press did not report the unusual occurrence of a champion pugilist uttering a scream upon dropping his sparring partner to his knees with a twelve-ounce glove! But this I both *saw* and *heard*: the impulsive and windy Descamps rushing about expostulating that the great and genial Georges could not help knocking out his sparring partner; the unprotected jaw showed itself and how could Georges control his hitting muscles? In other words the blow was purely reflex. Thus Georges is a subconscious fighter.

New stuff! The wiseacres of the press who never expect to find truth in new and interesting garb went away vowing that Descamps is a press-agent *par excellence* and a clever enough liar to be an American. But I went away convinced that Carpentier has in him a big streak of the feminine that gives him his subtlety, his instinct, and his reflex actions. I have seen many boxers fell their friendly sparring partners. They did not scream. One-hundred-per-cent masculine Jack Dempsey might possibly have screamed had he experienced what some of his American compatriots experienced in the Argonne. But to scream over dropping his sparring partner? No, the Dempsey imagination does not carry thus far. Dempsey's lounge-lizard satellites would term Georges's scream lady-like. Well, it isn't masculine.

Two years ago I heard a like utterance from another public character. It was from Eugene Debs in prison. Speaking of Bill Haywood, he said to the assembled pressmen: "Give Bill my love." Sounds a bit queer to a hundred-per-cent masculine, doesn't it? Can you imagine Theodore Roosevelt saying that, or Warren Harding, or Woodrow Wilson or Billy Sunday? But you can detect that note in Max Eastman, in Upton Sinclair, Bernard Shaw, Nikolai Lenin. To quote Lenin: "It may require a full generation to make the transition to the new social order. This generation must suffer for the succeeding ones." Can you imagine Lloyd George uttering those words? No! Such talk is feminine, lacking a better word. This utterance of Lenin's expresses the feminine fury of house-cleaning. Men do not clean house. They live in a room until it becomes filled with junk, then they move out. Just as the old-time Dakota farmer allowed the manure to accumulate in his stable until he could

no longer get the horses in at the door, and then he moved the stable.

That is why I see the old masculine order, red of fang and claw, disappearing and for all time. I see this clash of thought and action everywhere. I see the struggle between the feminine and masculine in individual minds. I see, despite the masculine "nay, nay," that light is coming. Humanity has long been waiting, but the day of decision has come. The feminine spirit is visible in Whitman, in Tolstoy, in Gorky, Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, in Debs, in Lenin. See now its exemplification in Georges Carpentier! Manager Descamps points to him and exclaims: "The Man of Destiny!" He speaks more wisely than he knows.

This then is the main reason why I am so much interested in the great fight. It is the ages-long fight between the masculine and feminine—and the feminine wins!

Ah, it is interesting! The contrast is so marked. Dempsey, cave-man, aborigine, offspring of the union of man and subman. Carpentier, a true superman of old, born from the union of the sons of God with the daughters of men. And the higher wins. It is high time. Yea, it is high time.

DYRUS COOK.

THE AFFIRMATION OF SUFFERING.

THERE recurs throughout the literature of the nineteenth century a note which in the times preceding it was sounded rarely, and then unwillingly. One may call it for convenience the affirmation of suffering. This dogma is not identical with the theological notion that suffering is sent from God to chastise man or to teach him, and in either case has to be welcomed. This has been believed since the beginning of society at least, and in certain quarters is believed still. The condonation of suffering which it enjoined was a duty, or if it turned out to be a failure as a duty, then an ideal; it was a second thought about pain and not a spontaneous response to it.

Now the original and individual thing about the affirmation of suffering was that it seemed to be a simple and direct response, almost a natural reaction. Instead of lamenting his calamities the sufferer rejoiced in them, immediately and spontaneously. This attitude was not so strong as to colour the entire literature of the last century; all the writers of that time did not react to pain in precisely that manner; but a greater proportion of them did than had ever done so before. In our own time this attitude is becoming more and more common, and there are few among the younger writers who are without it. What all this means; whether this attitude towards pain is good or bad; whether it is really an affirmation of life or not; and how it comes to be expressed at all, seeing that men naturally avoid pain, are questions of almost unique psychological interest.

The affirmation of suffering is not to be found in the natural effusion of anguish which filled Europe during the Romantic period with melodious cries. Shelley was not affirming suffering when he wrote:

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O never more!

Nor was de Musset when he exclaimed:

*Pourquoi dans ton oeuvre céleste
Tant d'éléments si peu d'accord?
A quoi bon le crime et la peste?
O Dieu juste! pourquoi la mort?*

Nor was Tennyson, "crying in the night," and like a Victorian infant having a good cry while he was about it. Nor was Browning when he tried to prove that everything was for the best, including poisonings, disappointed love and occasional suicide. About these expressions there is nothing abnormal, nothing paradoxical; they are on the highroad of traditional human feeling. The affirmation of suffering, then, is not found here. No; it is found where Ibsen makes his Skald say in "The Pretenders" that a poet may be blessed equally in a great joy or a great sorrow. Or in passages which everybody must remember in Dostoevsky, Heine and Nietzsche in which the ecstasy of pain is uttered in terms which might fit the ecstasy of joy. Or, to come down to our own age, in analogous passages in D'Annunzio, Jack London, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. D. H. Lawrence—in almost any writer of the present day who is concerned seriously with life. The romantic attitude to suffering, the attitude of Shelley and of de Musset, has as a convention passed, and instead of it we have now (as a convention) this attitude of affirmation.

The more we regard this attitude the more questionable it appears. It *seems* to be the most unconditional and heroic affirmation possible of life in all its aspects; and there is no doubt that in great men it is nothing else than this. Profound spirits have a fundamental need to declare that "nature" in itself is good, nature pure and unsublimated, nature before it has been transformed to the use and the image of man. For in affirming that nature is good, they affirm unconsciously at the same time that eventually and unconditionally it can be controlled by man and turned to his ends. To say this is not to state a mere psychological hypothesis. It is to state what must be, the nature of man being what it is. For man is ineluctably anthropocentric; he is constituted by evolution and by himself the centre of reference for all created things; he must give meaning, and *his* meaning, to chaos, evil, "nature." The affirmation of suffering when it is uttered by great men, *must* therefore have a human meaning, and express human and not merely blind will. It is a necessary affirmation, the fundamental axiom of a victorious attitude to life. It is the promise of life to man, and man's promise to life. Yet it is not mere promise, it is fulfilment at the same time; for in affirming the terrible aspects of nature the spirit deals with them, controls them, and demonstrates constantly its mastery.

Now it is clear that only the greatest artists, the most intrepid thinkers, can rise to an affirmation of this kind. How then can one explain the almost universal affirmation of suffering among writers to-day?—rejecting as we must the hypothesis that they are all by a fortunate accident of time in the first rank. What the present generation of writers expresses is an affirmation which while superficially resembling the affirmation of tragedy is in reality its antithesis. The essential quality of tragic affirmation is creativeness, a positive, active, formative grappling with pain; a personal æsthetic triumph over the world. It is this sense of personal triumph that is absent in the fashionable affirmations of to-day. Suffering is affirmed without a simultaneous affirmation of personality; it is affirmed against human individuality, against whatever is reasonable, controlled, formed; against human power and human freedom. It is affirmed in everything which imprisons, tortures or shatters the individual—in "life" as a purely irrational, irresponsible and arbitrary thing. This is a negation of what empire men have already established over life, a denial of the whole creative function of mankind.

Yet in this affirmation there is strangely a note of

triumph. What can it be that is victorious here? To discover this we must look into one of the most questionable masks of art. Art is expression; expression is freedom and triumph: art is therefore victory, fulfilment. But although art is expression, and triumph and freedom, it is not always integral, complete freedom, absolute triumph. By weak, imperfectly integrated, and tragically disintegrated natures a complete, firm chord of expression can not be struck. Only a part is affirmed, satisfying itself, but leaving the soul bitter and craving. Often this fraction which is expressed is evil, anti-human, Satanic. Baudelaire was a great artist; there were in his poetry the marks of an obscure rejoicing, an indubitable ecstasy, but that ecstasy was the utterance of what was most evil in him, what the complementary human part of him hated and despised. Thence his dissatisfaction, the avidity of his suffering, which he could not mollify, which art itself intensified more and more, driving him finally to madness. That was Baudelaire's "affirmation of suffering," as it was that of the decadents who followed him. But the malady of our time is less great, less perverted, more mediocre, perhaps more dangerous; for while Baudelaire could infect only those souls that were as great as his own, our contemporary *malaise* can infect anyone—and has, indeed, infected anyone. The part of man's nature which is expressed and which rejoices in the modern affirmation of suffering is the irrational, irresponsible, impersonal will to live which lies underneath the personality, which is not integrated, not formed; mere chaotic existence.

This affirmation is shown on the plane of action as passivity and whim; on that of thought as guess, intuition, fluidity; on that of sentiment as receptivity, effeminacy, dependence. The creative act of personality, of responsibility, has not yet been taken. Men praise what tortures, disintegrates and brings destruction upon themselves. They affirm whatever is not themselves; they affirm life, but not their own life. Yet this is called "affirmation," and by all except those who look at it twice is accepted in good faith.

Thus it is that one understands why in works which are apparently full of faith in life—in the works, for example, of Mr. D. H. Lawrence—there transpires a sentiment of such overwhelming melancholy, such final hopelessness. What Mr. Lawrence expresses—and I have selected him because he is the extreme expression of a type, and therefore the most typical of all—is faith in all life that is not the life of personality, of synthesis, of order, of fulfilment. I am not speaking now of a writer here and there; I am speaking of almost every imaginative artist of the present day, for this unconscious attitude can be discerned in them all. They are nihilists, and the more dangerous for not knowing it. Their popularity is disquieting; it points to a disintegration of personality which must be general.

EDWIN MUIR.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

V. THE NAPOLEONIC CONCEPTION OF JESUS.

PHILIP was suspicious of those Greeks who not long before the feast of the Passover had come to him seeking an interview with his Master. "Sir," they said, "we would see Jesus." Virgil had already written his immortal line about fearing the gift-bringing Greeks and while it is not possible that the Apostle could have read it, he seems to have shared the conviction of the whole ancient world on the subject of the Greek character; that it was subtle, indirect. In any case, Philip decided to throw the responsibility upon Andrew, and Andrew decided that the visit must be reported to their Master.

The episode is but one of many that illustrate the curious aloofness of Philip from him whom he had served so long and so well. Philip, despite his exalted rank among the Apostles, did not know Jesus at all, could not "get" him. This must be the explanation of Philip's failure to win a place in that inner circle of the twelve who surrounded their Lord. Peter, James and John—these three remind a student of Napoleon's career that Murat and Bernadotte and Ney were closer to the imperial throne than was Berthier, although Berthier enjoyed a personal intimacy with the Emperor far transcending theirs. Berthier and Philip! The association of those names is less incongruous than it seems. Napoleon often wondered why he loved so wooden a creature. "It is because he believes in you!" explained Talleyrand. Philip, the wooden, had precisely such a faith in Jesus. Berthier among the marshals of Napoleon exemplifies the traits of Philip among the Apostles of Jesus. Both men are modest, impenetrable, discreet, but neither one nor the other exhibits a spark of insight, of genius.

It seems incredible that after sixteen military campaigns during which he rarely quitted Napoleon's side, Berthier should have learned so little that he remained still unfitted for command in the field—he, the chief of staff! Yet that is nothing to the record of Philip, the Apostle of Jesus Christ.

The trouble with Philip was that he could not become a Christian, much as he longed to spiritualize his thought. He toiled for the treasure which neither moth nor rust can corrupt and yet he remained forlorn at the last, uncomprehending, bewildered, and wondering just what the gospel was all about. Jesus of Nazareth was above poor Philip's head. Vainly did Jesus heal him who was diseased for eight and thirty years, vainly did Jesus heal the ruler's son who lay sick at Capernaum—Philip could not make head or tail of it. Multitudes were following Jesus because they had witnessed the miracles. Philip had still no vision. His devotion to the Master was of a kind with that uninspired imitation of Napoleon which prompted Berthier to wear a small round hat at a foolish angle. In these two men we have what is so often informally referred to in the United States as a pair of boobs.

Jesus himself—tempted in all points like ourselves—felt for Philip occasionally something of that impatience in affection which caused Napoleon to protest to Berthier once: "You're not only worth nothing to me, but you hinder me!" A striking example of this is afforded by that episode of the loaves and fishes. Jesus is distinguished from all other ethical teachers by the fact that the multitude did not feed him—he fed the multitude. Only two instances of such feeding are set forth in detail but the narrative establishes the inference that the achievement had become a matter of course in all similar emergencies. The ethical impression created by Jesus was so intimately associated in the popular mind with the miracles that the people began to look for them. A marvel, then, was part of the natural order of things. On one occasion, for example, Jesus noted the size of the crowd as meal-time drew near. "Whence shall we buy bread," he said to Philip, "that these may eat?"

The question was prompted by downright curiosity respecting the limits of the incredible obtuseness of Philip. This Apostle had been of the company of John the Baptist. Philip had even gone on a recruiting expedition, proclaiming that he had found him of whom Moses and the prophets spoke, and, on the strength of this appeal, bringing in Nathaniel as a disciple. Philip by this time, moreover, had won his place among the Apostles right after that incomparable pair of brethren, Peter and Andrew, James and John. Philip had seen the turning of the water into wine. Nevertheless, he understood so little that he was capable of replying to Jesus's question about the buying of bread for the multitude: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that every one of them may take a little."

His wooden intelligence—impenetrable through lack of imagination, lack of fancy, lack of insight—did not suggest to him the possibility of a repetition of what he had witnessed not long before at the marriage in Cana. The mind of Philip had not caught light from contact with the mother of Jesus, herself in the wonderful party that went down into Capernaum. Andrew, who felt for Philip the amused indulgence of the brilliant Soult for the dull Berthier, came to the rescue of his brother Apostle. "There is a lad here," he interposed, "which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." He had divined the impending miracle with a flash of that same insight which at Austerlitz had revealed to Marshal Soult the genuine spirit of Napoleon's mysterious order. The same overwhelming adequacy of Andrew to every manoeuvre on the spiritual plane is in that swift hint of his about the boy on the spot, but there is also a graciousness of nature in Andrew beyond this. He must save the face and the feelings of bewildered Philip by adding, on the subject of those loaves and fishes: "But what are they among so many?"

What, indeed? One can imagine the look exchanged between Jesus and Andrew as they turned from the uninspired countenance of Philip. Andrew, too, had seen the water turned into wine at the wedding, and well he knew that a Master of such power need stand in no perplexity before a hungry multitude. Philip lost no time in obeying the order of Jesus: "Make the men sit down." That was an easy thing to do for the grass was abundant and it occurred to nobody to keep off. We may rest assured that when they had filled the twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, Philip was spiritually just where he had always been. He persisted in thinking of Jesus as Berthier thought of Napoleon.

Not until Jesus had washed his feet did Philip reveal most completely his inadequacy to that high spiritual adventure upon which the twelve were now embarked for all time. These men, from Peter himself down to that Judas, were always more or less disposed to behold in Jesus what the marshals of his empire found in the great Napoleon—a distributor of earthly thrones. Many an hour of agony and prayer and many a reproof it cost even Peter to arrive at a realization that the kingdom for which he must fight his battles was not of this world.

So the Apostles dispute for a seat at the right hand of Jesus in the very mood and temper of Masséna, of Murat, of Bernadotte quarrelling about some little kingdom of Naples or Rome or Sweden. As they sit around the table for their last supper they anticipate by centuries the all too human failings of Davout, hero of Ulm, of Desaix, hero of Marengo. That is why a survey of the Napoleonic Empire between the rising of the sun of Austerlitz and the deepening of the shadow of Leipzig affords so startling an impression of what, after all, must have been in the mind of the twelve when they obeyed the call: "Follow me." They were to be fishers of men. They were to do mighty works. These promises were accepted in the spirit of the private soldier of the grand army who felt that he carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack.

Peter at first is the generous Desaix and John has all the light grace of Junot crying gleefully at Toulon when the cannon-ball spattered powder over his letter: "I shall have no need of sand." Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew and that James who was the son of Alphaeus—to say nothing of the four who comprised the clique within the twelve—talk across the table as if their passion were to please one whose kingdom was primarily and only of this world, who dazzled with earthly prestige, who ruled with the might of militarism. The parallel is the more striking because Jesus, like Napoleon with his marshals, established certain differences among the Apostles, a gradation based upon character and genius. Jesus, like Napoleon, permitted his judgment of his commanders to find frank expression, sometimes in grief, often in anger. Speaking of Ney, the great Corsican said that he had a thankless disposition. "If I am destined to die by the hand of a marshal, that hand will be his." One can but

think of the words of Jesus at the last supper, when the sop was handed to Judas. Peter at that table has in him still the traits of Desaix, impetuous, generous, ready for death. Kleber brings to mind the disciple whom Jesus loved, while Lannes—how like the combination of courage and judgment in James is the essential quality of Lannes!

Patently as the Master strove at that supper to redeem his Apostles, even at this eleventh hour, from their Napoleonic conception of himself, he succeeded only in part. Peter and John, James and Andrew did, indeed, see now as in a mist that the kingdom could not well be of this world. Judas Iscariot saw likewise, but his final perception of the fact of the matter, attained as Jesus dipped into the bowl his portion of the bread, only disillusioned the Apostle and made him a traitor. The last morsel of the feast had not been tasted before they were all in the mood of Napoleon's marshals after the Spanish campaign. Marengo was a glorious memory and so was the water that had been turned into wine. The sun of Austerlitz might shine never so brilliantly and there was Lazarus risen from the dead. Unfortunately, a Russian campaign had to come after Jena. The scribes and the Pharisees held Jerusalem. There were uneasy anticipations of Waterloo among the marshals long before the event. Herod had been characterized by Jesus as a fox and the epithet would fit Pontius Pilate just as well. A rumour of impending treason agitated the whole table and this, too, on the eve of decisive events. Jesus did most of the talking but the questions of all were searching.

The replies left Peter still mystified as to where the Master could be going and Thomas was uneasy regarding the route. One seems to be listening to Davout, Ney and Soult as they debate the next movement of the enemy, Napoleon himself meanwhile talking only of victory, giving an order, correcting a misapprehension, forecasting the course of the morrow's battle. Such was still the mood when the last crumb was broken and Jesus had bidden these men not to be troubled. In the Father's house were many mansions. The Master was going to prepare a place for them. Then Philip had his bright idea. "Lord," he entreated, "show us the Father and it sufficeth us."

The fact that there ensued no explosion of wild laughter reveals how completely all the Apostles, even Peter and John, were under the spell of the Napoleonic conception of the kingdom. "Have I been so long with you," asked Jesus mournfully, "and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" Even Judas Iscariot had seen the light before he hastened down the stairs, but no ray of that light got athwart the dark cavern of Philip's ignorance. He retained to the last that inaccessibility to a spiritual idea which impelled him to deal with Jesus as if his Master were no more than a Napoleon Bonaparte.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

AS ONE FRENCHMAN SEES IT.

SIRS: It is true, and every Frenchman who is not blind is tortured by the thought of it: France is covering herself with armaments; she is in danger of being crushed by them. She is raising between herself and the rest of the world impassable ramparts behind which she is slowly withering and wasting away. Walls, armour, the weight of steel, these are signs and symptoms of the sclerosis that is gradually creeping upon her, choking the vital cells, stifling the organs, the arteries and the nerves, sowing with calcareous secretions the supplest, the finest of her tissues. They are the marks of senility, all the more surprising because, only a few years ago, we believed that we saw the eternally young Amazon rousing herself from a long sleep. It might have been only the convulsions of an animal in its old age. One might have thought this, but one could not be sure; for with France one never knows, and the miracle of the Marne may be repeated at any time. The destiny of France is always to

be misunderstood, by herself especially; save in times of crisis she displays her worst faults, telling herself that they are her virtues, while she reserves for the dramatic moment the vital impetus that ennobles and redeems everything. . . . Yet there are the facts, incontestable to any discerning mind: at a time when the dynamic life of the world is manifesting a greater activity and power than ever before, France, almost alone, appears as if animated by a spirit that is incorrigibly static, a spirit that is driving her on to a new tragedy, even to death perhaps.

So be it! Even—especially—if she is to die, let a Frenchman be permitted to defend her. Is it really France herself that is acting in this manner? Is it her weakened instinct that leads her, in seeking to retard the fatal blow or render it less terrible, to conceal her agony beneath a mask of iron? Is it just something of the moment, a passing mood, to enable her to collect her strength and breathe again after the fearful struggle, or is it for good and all? In what fashion, upon what acts, does the world judge her? Has it, indeed, the right to judge her? Has the world measured, has it so much as seen her wounds? Does it know her deeper thoughts? Does she stand or fall with the conduct of her rulers? Is it true that peoples have the governments they deserve? Has not the strain of the effort to withstand the assault from foes without, rendered France incapable of repelling the assault from foes within? Led by politicians without understanding or culture, without generosity or breadth of vision, the very ones who led her before the war, who sneered when they were told that to know Germany one must have understood Nietzsche, that to know Russia one must have understood Dostoevsky—is this really France, this France we imagine we are seeing in life and action to-day? Why do these rulers speak in her name? To no one is it given to speak in the name of a people. Statesmen and governments represent as a rule only the passing currents that move across a nation; the artists and the philosophers represent the spirit that wells up, as it were, out of the totality of a nation's deeds through all the centuries. The former misprize a people's eternal needs, the latter their needs of the moment.

I do not know whether Americans are prepared to listen to me, but if what I have to say is more or less true, relatively speaking, of all the peoples of the earth, it is always and absolutely true in regard to France: her history is a perpetual misunderstanding between the collective idealism of her masses and the associated egoisms that flatter this idealism in order to maintain themselves in power. To her economic disorder they give the name of political order so as to disfigure in her eyes the new order that is rising up, beyond her frontiers, with the sound of an ocean. To "protect" her industry they paralyse it. Her fear of new experiments they disguise as a love of liberty. By fanning her distrust for her debtors they ruin her. They take advantage of her fatigue in order to clear from her path the dangers of her imagination.

And yet . . . France is the beam of the European balance. What constitutes at once the drama of her history and the measure of the expressions of her spirit is the fact that she has always been this. Whatever she may do in our day, she will be in the wrong in the eyes of other peoples, and in her own eyes as well, for she can not make a single move that does not tend to war or to revolution. If one of the scales sinks under the weight of her arms, she will appear to all as the chief adversary of the world-revolution, which will seek to break her. If the other scale is weighted down with humanitarian sentiment combined with pacifist activity—the supreme invention of the English middle class by which it has filled its pockets at the expense of the poorer peoples abroad and the poorer classes at home—then there is the danger that German militarism will be reborn at her gates. Germany, on the very day of the armistice, became for Europe the hand of destiny: if France is militarized, Germany has only to make friends with revolutionary Russia. If France disarms, Germany will become again

the island of military force in the sea of revolutionary Europe. For France, then, what is the solution? Undoubtedly the creation of an economic power that will make her at once strong enough to resist militarism and to organize the revolution. But what if we, whose backs are broken, can not, without the active, lively and even insistent aid of you Americans, create this economic power?

Do you Americans not realize that our backs are broken? Do you not realize that half our wealth has been annihilated, that the finest part of our arable soil has been rendered sterile by the rusty iron of the battlefields, that one million, five hundred thousand of our men are dead, that five hundred thousand more are paralysed, or crippled, or blind, because France barred Germany's path to the Atlantic—and because we have no children our anæmia is incurable? Do you not realize that the vicious circle in which we turn prevents us from having any more, crushed as we are between our debt and our militarism (which in turn increases our debt) and a revolution that would raise up all our creditors against us? Our imperialism? Do you remember that Assyrian bas-relief?—a figure of a roaring lioness with her spinal column broken by an arrow. Her hind legs drag behind her like a weight. She is not dangerous. The hunters, I fancy, no longer tremble before her. Most of them mock at her. The cowards strike her with their feet. The brave ones turn away their eyes. Who will have the courage to dress her wound—or to give her the finishing blow? That wounded lioness is France. Does she complain? At Verdun did she complain?

You denounce French imperialism, but who speaks of English imperialism which has annexed all the German colonies, occupies half of Asia Minor, encircles the Mediterranean, installs itself in Constantinople and crushes Ireland without pity? Who speaks of the imperialism of revolutionary Russia, which is on the point of overrunning the world spiritually and is advancing on all its frontiers with hollow belly, feverish eyes and feet bathed in blood? Who speaks of American imperialism, which has increased its fortune sixfold, tripled its merchant marine, doubled its navy and will to-morrow be ready to meet with England or Japan on the high seas? Is imperialism then only a synonym for military conscription—a permanent army? Does the empire of the sea count for nothing? Is it not yet understood that the empire of the sea commands the empire of the land? But is not the American Army itself growing in strength and numbers? Is not the British Army superior to the French Army? Yet where is the next-door neighbour that threatens England? Or that threatens America? Can appearances blind men as much as that?

Alas! I think I know the true reason for this blindness. It lies in the weakness of France with which she is reproached now as if such weakness were a crime; yet incense was burnt before her when, alone, bleeding from every wound, livid, frenzied, she bore the weight of the raging Colossus. The worship of right is supreme, and is no doubt sincere, but the religion of might lurks behind it. True strength is always admired, not so the appearance of strength. No one cares for the clerk in the police-station, but the sturdy giant who struts before the crowd is admired by all. It is the caricature of power—observe the Assyrian lioness—for which France is reproached and mocked. If it were real power, like the power of America, or that which Russia will have to-morrow no doubt, or that which England will still perhaps retain for some time to come, all the world would bow before it. Real force is organic force (the military instrument may or may not be one of its expressions)—essential, expansive force, the true and efficient imperialism, creative, revolutionary, conquering, emancipating. If French imperialism is not respected, after the warrior service it has rendered, after having been refused assistance at the terrible moment of crisis when the frenzy of the great conflict had subsided, it is because there is such a monstrous disproportion between

the resources which France has at her command and the task which is set before her, the task which she was imprudent and presumptuous enough to undertake—which she was more or less forced to undertake.

As a matter of fact, with the exception of Alsace—a daughter once brutally torn from her—France has received nothing from the war except her own broken bones. After dangling before her bruised eyes the grandiose vision of a league of nations—a chimera that was quickly withdrawn when it had done its task—her sister nations left her—alone, standing before the chaos of a continent that must be made over again from its very foundations. As she stands before them, it is against her alone that the hatred of the vanquished is directed. If it is the Entente that has achieved the military victory, it is Germany that has achieved the moral victory. It was not we, the Allies, who held out till the "last quarter of an hour" which became for us day by day less terrible to face—it was Germany. After having devastated half Europe her soldiers returned home, covered with flowers and with the honours of war. I am not sure that France alone should bear the blame for this. Three months more of war, only two perhaps, and the Allies—if they had really represented the principles for which they pretended to be fighting—with a few hundred thousand men, might have occupied the vital centres of Germany, the great railway-junctions, the great industrial plants, the mines, the ports, they could have protected the German people, delivered all the peoples of Europe from the dreadful burden of militarism, given Russia air and bread, and organized the necessary changes in industry and production.

America in particular failed in that hour to grasp the greatness and sacredness of her rôle. In the interests of both countries, she should have continued to *colonize* France, to infuse France with her young blood, her energy, her methods, and that tremendous faith in action which belongs to her, a faith with which she might have permanently instilled the spirit of France. For these sins of omission who is guilty, and who therefore is to be blamed for having taken up the vast and futile challenge which the world, having demanded that France accept, now mocks at her for accepting? Not France alone is guilty, but all men, all the peoples of Europe and of America, all are victims of a national egoism that chances the ruin of the world by rejecting the increasingly evident reality of the spiritual and physical solidarity of mankind.

So much for France's present attitude as one Frenchman, if not France itself, sees it; a Frenchman who thinks—and who suffers at the thought but hides his suffering because he is a man before he is a Frenchman—that France is no longer the first among the peoples of the world. He now addresses himself to the first of the peoples of the world in order to tell them that fifteen centuries of great history are a heavier burden to bear than might be supposed; and to tell them, too, that they are not just towards France—even if France is unjust to herself and to them—and lastly to remind them that the empire of the world may all too quickly slip from the hands of those who, though intoxicated with power, have not justice in their hearts. I am, etc.,

Paris, France.

ELIE FAURE.

MISCELLANY.

As the American Legion reminds us quite often, we are still at war with Germany, and, as we all hear, our foe was, or rather is a peculiarly dastardly one. But England is not at war with Germany and so truth, being relative, may wear a slightly different complexion over there. If then I take pains to assure everyone concerned that I am merely making a little study in philosophy, I may perhaps be allowed, without being called unpatriotic, to mention a recent example of how a certain Englishman, a representative of the ideal side of English aristocracy, regards the general all-round sinfulness of the German rulers and their agents. For this Englishman

represents a modification of the attitude that we may possibly be obliged to make over here some day when our own war with Germany is over, a modification which may be somewhat hard for most of us because we lack one of the positions from which the triangulation must inevitably be made.

MR. YEATS, it will be remembered, in one of his later sonnets, speaks of the old Irish aristocracy:

Where passion and precision have been one
Time out of mind . . .

Those, it seems to me, are fundamentally the two positions—passion and precision. As a democracy, we in this country have quite enough and to spare of passion, but have we the precision? Alas, how few people in all the world have it. Foremost among this happy few is the Poet Laureate of England, Mr. Robert Bridges. The proprietor of the London *Times*, however, seems not to be of that kindly temper, and so when Mr. Bridges came forward a short time ago with a group of Oxford scholars to make a gesture of reconciliation towards the scholars of Germany, the noble Lord of Northcliffe raised a great hue and cry about the matter, accusing these scholars and gentlemen of Oxford of being no better than pacifists and the Lord knows what else besides. Mr. Bridges in particular was singled out for attack because he was admittedly the inspirer of this friendly move, and because the *Times* thought that it had cleverly caught him in a ludicrous inconsistency. The poet, it appears, had written a sonnet during the war accusing the Germans of systematically ill-using British prisoners. How then, crowed Northcliffe, *né* Harmsworth, could Mr. Bridges ever wish to make friends with such "fiends"? The Laureate's reply to this charge, strikes me as being a delightful example of that old-fashioned ethics of the gentleman, an ethics which unhappily finds so restricted a field in these latter days. It is also interesting for the light it throws on the factual side of the matter. This reply, by the way, does not appear in the *Times*, but in a recent issue of Mr. Harold Monro's "Chapbook."

FIRST, however, let me quote the sonnet which appears in Mr. Bridges's "October and Other Poems" recently published in America by Mr. Knopf. It is entitled "Our Prisoners of War in Germany. October, 1918."

Prisoners to a foe inhuman, Oh! but our hearts rebel:
Defenceless victims ye are, in claws of spite a prey,
Conquering your torturers, enduring night and day
Malice, year-long drawn out your noble spirits to quell.
Fearsomer than death this rack they ranged, and reckoned well
'Twould harrow our homes, and plied, such devilish aim had they,
That England, roused to rage should wrong with wrong repay,
And smirch her envied honour in deeds unspeakable.

Nor trouble we just heaven that quick revenge be done
On Satan's chamberlains high-seated in Berlin;
Their reek floats round the world on all lands 'neath the sun:
Tho' in craven Germany was no man found, not one
With spirit enough to cry Shame!—Nay, but on such sin
Follows Perdition eternal . . . and it has begun.

MR. BRIDGES tells us in his letter that this sonnet was written with the sole view of deprecating any measures of retaliation by the English Government for the alleged bad treatment of English prisoners in Germany. "It will be remembered," writes the poet, "that owing to accounts in the newspapers of the ill-treatment of English prisoners in Germany, there arose a cry in this country for retaliation on our German prisoners. . . . In those verses I asserted or implied: (1) That ill-treatment of prisoners was a part of the Prussian war-policy; (2) that no one in Germany protested against it—though, if it were the recognized practice they must be aware of it; and (3) that they hoped it would provoke us to similar barbarities, so that we might thus fall to the level of their own frightfulness: and I believed all that. It is plain that the second and third charges fall unless the first be true; and it was not true. Yet I believed it, and even if I had not believed it, I was seeking to persuade those who did

believe it and I might have been so far justified in assuming it: but I did myself believe it, having been misled, as most of us were, by the newspapers. . . . It is plain that I went too far in my accusation. And that being so, I am not ashamed of retracting my words, and expressing sorrow for having written them: and I can see that as I was misled by the English press, so the Germans probably were by their own; and that they have the same excuse for some of their ill-feeling as I have for mine. It seems to me that this sonnet is a fair example of the 'animosities' regretted in the Oxford letter. I willingly offer it to the Germans as a discarded animosity in exchange for one of theirs."

WHILE reconciliation on the ideal plane is not going to add a jot of health or a tittle of weight to the starving German children, it is of importance that it be given the right of way in our thinking and talking, for it seems to me that until we regain some perspective of these things, every movement towards real peace, including the economic status that will make peace workable, will be resisted by our noisy exponents of hate and prejudice. In view of which I see a very real necessity for the cultivation of a little of the Poet Laureate's quality of precision in this land of passion.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE RÔLE OF THE LITTLE THEATRE

It is now just a year since the sixth season of the Provincetown Players was the subject of two articles in these columns, and in both instances a certain disappointment and scepticism were noticeable in the impressions recorded. One was a general survey of what the Players had accomplished, ending with a query as to whether the season would see "our old adventuring grounds in MacDougal Street . . . all nicely surveyed and fenced." The other was a review of a triple bill such as I saw the other evening, which contained Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo," the only piece to receive the approval of this paper's critic on that occasion. Evidently the fear which obsessed my colleagues was lest the Provincetown Players should go the way of all repertory-flesh and forsake experiment for the safer delights of financial ease and Broadway success. Since that time the Provincetowners have conquered the uptown public with Mr. O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" and now they are, I understand, engaged for a London tour. What all this portends let those pessimists of yesteryear decide! For my part, having witnessed the rise and fall of the Irish dramatic revival, I am prepared to acquiesce in facts without unnecessary protest. If the Provincetown Players can claim to have given Mr. Eugene O'Neill to the American theatre they will have justified their existence in the only way that such experimental theatres can ever do so.

Whenever I enter that makeshift little playhouse in MacDougal Street, I see Irish dramatic history repeating itself. Not merely the history, now so familiar, of Edward Martyn, George Moore, W. B. Yeats and the Irish Literary Theatre, which so soon became the history of Lady Gregory, J. M. Synge and the Irish Players, but of the actual efforts now being made in Dublin to begin again. In a Dublin street no less tawdry than that in which the Provincetown Players are at work in New York, there is an improvised theatre of the same type as theirs, which was launched in 1914 by Mr. Edward Martyn and the late Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett. The execution of both these poets for their part in the Easter Rising of 1916 did not bring about the abandonment of the enterprise, which aimed to perform what the Abbey Theatre had

neglected. When Moore and Martyn founded the Irish Literary Theatre in 1899, its scope was to be much wider and more cosmopolitan than that of the group which subsequently rose to fame under the direction of Mr. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. Mr. Martyn had no interest in the folk-drama, so he withdrew and did not try to put the original programme into effect until he created the so-called "Irish Theatre" seven years ago. Under extraordinarily difficult circumstances that strange playhouse, a little smaller than the MacDougal Street institution, and consisting of a remodelled chapel, containing many traces of its original function, has been the scene of a number of experiments akin to those of the Provincetown Players. It has produced many remarkable Continental plays, and if the direction and acting and production have had the same defects as are noticeable at the Provincetown performances, the undertaking has nevertheless established its right to exist.

As I understand it, the aims of the Provincetown Players were just the reverse of the Irish group. They did not wish to produce foreign plays, but to encourage serious American drama, to play, in short, the part of the Irish National Theatre, from which Mr. Edward Martyn dissociated himself precisely because of this exclusive preoccupation with native drama. The difference between an artistically productive country, like Ireland, and a country which looks abroad for work above the mere commercial level, is indicated by the contrast between the criticism brought against the Irish Players and the Provincetown Players. The former were accused of being too independent of outside sources, the latter have been reproached for having broken with their intention to produce only the work of American dramatists. The founders, it was said, would never have staged so commonplace a piece as Miss Edna Ferber's "The Eldest," and above all, they would not have fallen back on Schnitzler. The sinister hand of the box-office was seen in this decline from grace, and I can recall how echoes of similar accusations and insinuations came back to my mind from Irish experience as I read that criticism. 'Twas ever thus with repertory and experimental theatres. If they were only less chary of making vows which are inevitably broken in practice, their histories would be less troubled by controversy. The Irish Theatre would certainly have been strengthened, if the cosmopolitan ideas of Mr. Edward Martyn had not been divorced from the even more laudable plans of the group which eventually controlled its destinies.

Apparently the Provincetown Players are unperturbed by the accusation of unconstitutionality, for their present programme includes a European play, "Autumn Fires," by Gustav Wied. This time they can not be criticized for falling back on "a safe bet," to cite the term applied to Schnitzler's "Last Masks." Gustav Wied's name is so unfamiliar that, in the absence of any information on the playbill itself, some of our New York newspapers attributed the play to a German. In a volume of one-act plays edited by Mr. Frank Shay, Wied is listed as a Swede; thereby raising a question as to the language from which the piece (which is included in the volume) was translated. Gustav Wied, of course, is one of the foremost modern Danish playwrights and storytellers, and well deserves the attention of the little theatres everywhere. His best known comedy is the delightful "2x2=5," which is in singular contrast to the rather sardonic little comedy of old age which was so effectively performed by the Provincetown Players. "Autumn Fires" opens in the manner of Lady Gregory's "Workhouse Ward," with

two old men quarrelling as only old friends advanced in years and cantankerousness can quarrel. The scene of the birthday-party, when these half-dozen inmates of the old men's home meet in a mood of such festiveness as their age still permits, is a piece of real satire. Slight as the little play is, there runs through it a deeper note of life than in the superficial comedy of Lady Gregory's farce. Although by no means an important play of Wied's, "Autumn Fires" was far superior to the other two plays on the Provincetowners' final programme.

"The Widow's Veil," by Miss Alice Rostetter, was an amusing trifle, but a little too obviously inspired by Lady Gregory. Mrs. Phelan and Mrs. MacManus are emigrants from Kiltartan to a New York tenement, and, while their speech has the note of authentic drollery, the accent of Mrs. MacManus was what might be expected from a rather too pretty (for the part) young lady who calls herself on the programme Claudette Chauchion. The author, as Mrs. Phelan, was convincing, but her partner was sometimes a little remote, even granting that her jewellery and general air of manicured and talcum-powdered refinement might be regarded as the rewards of exile. However, there was good comedy in the dialogue, and in the idea of a dying husband who revives just when his charming young widow has created an appropriate and most becoming piece of millinery. But, like the short plays of Lady Gregory, "The Widow's Veil" could not fail to be a successful curtain-raiser in any commercial theatre. In producing the play by Gustav Wied the Provincetown Players were discharging the true function of such undertakings, even if they again departed from the intentions of the founding fathers. In producing Miss Alice Rostetter's farce, they merely demonstrated that repertory experiments have now made possible things which were daring novelties twenty years ago.

That, however, will prove, in the last analysis, to be the true rôle of the little theatre. Whatever its enthusiasts may say, it can never become a substitute for the commercial theatre, that is to say, for the theatre pure and simple. The theatre, like the publishing house, is a business undertaking, and to this fact dramatists, no less than poets and novelists, will have to reconcile themselves. The notion that the handful of unrepresentative people, usually enduring considerable physical discomfort, who support the plays that are produced by these experimental theatres, in any way corresponds to the needs and desires of the general public is absurd. When one out of a hundred of the plays such people see contains elements of wider success, it at once finds its way into the hands of a commercial producer. To say that the latter should have had the *flair* and the enterprise of the pioneer groups is to ignore the incurable quality of the mob taste which the average commercial producer judges so well.

The little theatres will always be the sources from which the popular stage derives new life, but so long as they are worthy of the name they will be ahead of the latter. Whenever repertory groups allow the popular theatre to catch up on them, they die. Nobody will sit in a barn to see what can be enjoyed comfortably in a properly appointed building. I do not know how far the Provincetown Players can claim to be educating the public of New York. Out of the six million there were no more present at the performance which I attended than are furnished out of Dublin's less than half a million inhabitants when Mr. Martyn's theatre is open. Is Broadway now abreast of the Provincetown Players, or are they still far ahead?

ERNEST BOYD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

NOT A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

SIRS: Will you or Mr. Claughton—see letter in issue of 11 May—explain what workmen have that they can "withhold" except their labour? I am, etc.,

London, England.

GEOFFREY BIDDULPH.

Their taxes, for one thing.—EDITORS.

A CORRECTION.

SIRS: Allow me to call your attention to an error which appeared in the *Freeman* of 25 May. Mr. Boyd, in speaking of J. P. Jacobsen, says that Mr. Brandes calls him (Jacobsen) "*det moderne Gennembruds Mænd*." To one who understands Danish this sounds somewhat ridiculous. What Mr. Georg Brandes calls "*det moderne Gennembruds Mænd*" is a group of men, one of whom was Jacobsen. "*Mænd*" is plural; "*Mand*," singular. Therefore the expression should be that Jacobsen was one of "*det moderne Gennembruds Mænd*," that is, a man of the modern transition period. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

L. ANDERSEN.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF THE OFFICEHOLDER.

SIRS: Mr. Louis F. Post's discussion of American ideals in the *Freeman* of 18 May arouses mixed feelings—pleasure at the release of a vigorous personality from the chains of political office, and wonder at the adaptability of the human mind. There is something quaint in the spectacle of a member of the late Government, who vehemently denied the rights of private conscience and free speech, blandly appealing to these prerogatives as "war-bought barriers against involuntary servitude," and alluding to "the human-equality principle of Americanism."

If Mr. Post chose to defend the exercise of arbitrary power by government on the assumption that might makes right, his position would be intelligible, however widely one might differ from him; but it is difficult to understand by what subtlety of reasoning he now appears as the champion of individual rights, nor is it easy to follow a logic which assumes the existence of things that are not. The ideal of equality which breathed in the Declaration of Independence, was smothered at birth by the compromises in the Constitution, and was definitely repudiated by the Supreme Court only yesterday, with the approval of Mr. Post and with slight protest from the majority of Americans. How in the name of honest consistency can the unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness be advanced as "an American touchstone for testing the ideality of social adjustments" by an advocate of State supremacy in the conflict with individual freedom?

No one would more gladly pay tribute to Mr. Post's long and devoted service to the cause of social justice than the writer, and it is only in the hope of securing light through discussion that I have ventured to point out what seems to me a serious confusion of ideas. The advocate who fails to meet his own test is not likely to bring strength to the cause he espouses. I am, etc.,

Southwest Harbour, Maine.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

NON ANGELI SED ANGLI.

SIRS: Only a short time ago the anti-suffragists were telling us that feminism, once unchained upon a defenceless world, would disrupt the home, unset religion, make vice rampant, and scatter morality to the winds! Now comes Mr. Harold Stearns, in your issue of 11 May, who would have us believe that feminism grown harsher is responsible for the fact that man's life has become one dreadful thirst, and that his Sunday threatens to turn azure.

The fact of the matter is that the Anglo-Saxon is just naturally gloomy, at home and abroad, just naturally solicitous about what people will think of him if he lets himself go. If Mr. Stearns doubts this, let him go to an Anglo-Saxon fancy-dress ball, either here or in England; and then picture to himself the Latin article. Even when our Anglos get drunk they fail to be funny—unlike an Irishman under similar conditions. Our national inability to play is not to be blamed upon anything but our English standards. Add to this the fact that it costs a lot of money to amuse one's self in this country. Also, it is difficult to contend with the pursuit of the dollar in the American mind. The enjoyment of an inexpensive pleasure is hard for us to understand, because our materialism must have a chance to demonstrate itself. To blame feminism, scarcely as yet born into this world, for a condition of affairs which extends over our entire history as

a people, is merely another example of the masculine tendency to blame woman for everything.

For your contributor to say that "women who have made a satisfactory adjustment with reality are seldom interested in projects for reforming the world," is very unjust. Happy people of either sex generally find it difficult to understand the sorrows of others, and a real reformer has generally reached a point of understanding by way of personal experience. But this is scarcely a matter of sex, and the fact that there are a greater number of feminine reformers, argues that women have suffered more and therefore understand the needs of humanity better than men do. I am, etc.,
Catskill, New York. ELLA RUSH MURRAY.

BIOLOGY AND THE SLUM.

SIRS: After reading the letter "A Biologist Looks at the Slums" in the *Freeman* of 25 May, I am impelled to think that Mr. Edison's estimate of the college-bred man is pretty nearly right.

Let me explain why one man and his family moved into the slum-district of Chicago, where I was born and have lived for fifty-four years. This man borrowed \$2500.00 from a banker in Iowa and gave his farm and improvements, agreed to be worth \$7500.00, as security. There had been no depreciation in farm-improvements when the loan was due and the farmer asked that the loan be renewed. He was ready to pay his interest and felt that there would be no trouble in getting an extension, as none of the laws of sound banking would be infringed by such action. But the extension was not granted. The banker must have the money. The farmer thought he would therefore see some other banker in the county who would take up this well secured loan. He did see other bankers, but none could see their way to help him. He did not learn until later that there was a sort of an unwritten and passive agreement among the bankers of his district to keep their hands off any transactions that would affect the profits of their fellow bankers.

The mortgage on this man's farm was foreclosed and there was no bid above the loan and costs offered by any other banker in the district. The farmer was dispossessed. He did not have money to pay railway-fare, but he still owned a team and wagon. He put his wife and children and a few personal effects in the wagon, drove to Chicago, and rented a light house-keeping suite in the only district his money could afford and sought employment at his trade as a butcher.

Now there is an old saying in the underworld that a "mugged" thief is a better man than an "unmugged" thief. The "unmugged" thief will certainly do things that many a "mugged" thief whom I have known would shrink from doing. This man was not sent into the slums because he was incompetent and dissipated. He was forced into the slums because a thief with a high brow conspiring with other thieves with high brows, beautiful suburban homes, front pews, and reputations for sanctity had robbed him of an equity of five thousand dollars and pauperized him. There are many things that happen in the slums that could not be mentioned without involving certain gentlemen with high brows, big incomes, and degraded tastes.

Let me also explain that slum-dwellers who break laws pay for the privilege. One of the inexorable laws of the political grafter is, that those "who play must pay." But mayors, district attorneys, and sheriffs always live where grass is green and flowers are plentiful.

If Christ were to say it again, you may rest assured that there are a great many holier-than-thou high brows who would not dare to throw a brick.

You suggested that this Biologist read the works of Thorold Rogers, which I have read. May I suggest that he also read "Progress and Poverty" by Henry George and "Ethics of Democracy" by Louis F. Post, which I have also read. I am sure a careful study of these classic works would dislodge from the Biologist's mind that attitude of hostility which he now bears to the slum dweller. I am etc.,
Chicago, Illinois. JOHN W. MASKELL.

SIRS: Although the editorial note, following the letter of Dr. David Starr Jordan in the *Freeman* of 25 May, is, no doubt, an entirely adequate reply to it, I should like to be permitted to comment further on his communication.

Dr. Jordan appears to contend that the fact that people taken from the slums and put on the land are unable to work out their own economic salvation is ample proof that a plan more satisfactory in every respect would be to remove them from the earth. I think it highly probable that this latter plan would be more advantageous for all concerned, but I do not believe

that the inability of former slum-occupants to wrest a living from the land has anything to do with the case. Does Dr. Jordan believe that any other group of "free men" or "real men" or college professors which was several generations removed from the soil would have any greater success than the transplanted slum-populations in achieving physical comfort if faced by like conditions? Whether "the distress [the poverty of the slums and towns] is directly due to the expropriation of the people from the soil" or not, is not to be decided by answering the question whether reversing the process relieves this distress. It makes slight difference whether the neophytes are professors or paupers, capable working-farmers are rarely produced in a single generation. According to Dr. Jordan's reasoning, unless a man who had broken his leg in falling from a cliff could be made whole by being carried back to the place from which he fell, the fall would be considered to have nothing to do with the injury.

The distinction between the incompetent and the unfortunate is interesting. There appears to be more opprobrium attached to being unfortunate in birth (i. e., unfortunate in the qualities hereditarily acquired) than to being unfortunate in environment.

As to the comment made by the thoughtful observer in London: "If these people of the East Side had any life in them they would come around some night and cut all our throats"—if the vitality of people of any district is to be judged by the number of throats cut, then police-records will show, I believe, that the people of the slums lack vitality less than those more favourably situated. I think that anyone who attempted to prove his "real manliness" by demonstrating his vitality in a slum (i. e. hard) district of any city would be soon disillusioned.

Every act of every individual is determined by his heredity and his environment. The relative importance of these two factors probably varies with different individuals. Neither heredity nor environment, however, can be labelled good or bad unless it is considered in relation to the other. (People talk of men who have achieved success (?) in spite of certain conditions; almost invariably it is safer to say "because of.") I think it unlikely that any individual is so handicapped at birth that if confronted with suitable conditions, he would be unable to make himself sufficiently useful to earn an adequate amount of physical comfort for himself. The problem of those who want to make this world run smoothly is to arrange things so that "heredities" and "environments" can be properly matched together. If it is possible to establish the fact, as Dr. Jordan attempts to do, that there is no set of conditions which will complement certain hereditarily acquired qualities to produce an individual capable of self-sustenance, then the seekers for a smooth-running world will have to accept the alternative earlier mentioned. I am, etc.,

B. H. R.

BOOKS.

IN DARKEST EUROPE.

READING books on world affairs, written by American newspaper-correspondents in Europe, one is constantly impressed by the great mass of misinformation absorbed and purveyed by them. Probably this habit is the natural result of their dependence on the droppings of politicians and diplomats, who perforce live by the persistent exercise of an extraordinary talent for mendacity. Even in a volume by so painstaking and intelligent an observer as Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer¹ one all too frequently finds oneself in a world of unrealities.

Probably one reason why our correspondents fail to give an intelligible picture of Europe to-day is that they cling to the personal devil theory in regard to the war. The German bogey is all-sufficient for them. The Kaiser did it with his shining sword. One would think that the revelations of the Soukominov trial, the publication of the secret treaties, the memoirs of Lord Fisher and the illuminating statements made by certain eminent British parliamentarians would long since have dispelled this primitive illusion. One would think, too,

¹ "Balkanized Europe." Paul Scott Mowrer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

that the peace conference and the treaty would have made it plain to the simplest mind that the forces that shaped the war shaped the peace, and are now busily building for the next international conflict. When the orgy of murder ended as it did in an orgy of looting and land-grabbing it surely demonstrated clearly enough that the whole business was engineered, probably unconsciously, by rival forces of privilege working through the agency of political government. Both the war and the peace were fruits of the politico-economic system. Under such a system the war would not have been averted if the Kaiser had been the Archangel Michael. The peace would not have been essentially different had Mr. Lloyd George been Diogenes, M. Clemenceau St. Francis and Mr. Wilson Comrade Debs.

Some strange mental astigmatism seems to make it impossible for our journalists to visualize the system, though its workings are spread out so plainly before their eyes. In the orthodox sense, Mr. Mowrer knows his Europe thoroughly. He is familiar with physical conditions throughout the Central and Western portions of the continent. He recognizes the gross territorial injustices of the peace treaty. He has observed widespread suffering and starvation and conscientiously describes what he has seen. The Balkanization of Europe is his main theme, and he gives a clear idea of the group of biting, scratching nationalities that the saviours of civilization at the peace conference have set up to fly at one another's throats. He plainly sees new world wars in the making, and he is puzzled over the present and pessimistic about the future. He offers no hope except a half-hearted suggestion for a world federation and a pious opinion that European sentiment is tending towards democracy. But it is difficult to see how a pooling of imperialistic aims by a league of the strongest governments will offer any relief to the debt-burdened peoples.

As for democracy, Mr. Mowrer evidently uses the term in its common and derisive sense, meaning really a government of, by and for those who control the sources of education and information. If there is any other kind of democracy functioning in Europe or anywhere else, it would be interesting to discover it. "No economist who is in his right senses can pretend, henceforth, that war is economically profitable to any belligerent," declares the author hopefully. But even the casual reader of Mr. Mowrer's description of conditions in Europe will understand that the war was highly profitable to certain privileged groups in every country.

All this makes one wonder what Mr. Mowrer thinks political government really represents. He gives the answer in an entire chapter, which he devotes to the thesis that statesmen and diplomats necessarily represent the will of the people. This view obviously presupposes that in 1914 the Russian *muzhik* was seized with an irresistible desire to kill and be killed by the German artisan. From what we now know of the manner in which all governments bamboozled their people into the war, this idea is utterly fantastic. It is curious to see Mr. Mowrer accepting without a qualm the politico-economic system, when all over Europe he has so constantly found himself stumbling over the litter of ruin created by it.

To those who have been puzzled by the sudden moral fervour recently displayed by the British Government over Polish encroachments in Upper Silesia, after it had displayed for so many years the utmost complacency over similar imperialist adventures by the Poles and others, Mr. Mowrer furnishes a bright flash of illumination. Discussing the difficulties of an Upper Silesian

plebiscite, he remarks incidentally that German interests had transferred to British bargain-hunters about sixty per cent of the resources of the Upper Silesian coal-fields. Hence, of course, the recent dispatch of British troops into the disturbed area was dictated not wholly by altruism or a deep sense of international justice, and the innocent citizens who greeted the British advance guard by strewing flowers in their path might more appropriately have made their posies into bouquets and shipped them to the London Stock Exchange.

Mr. Mowrer commends the Polish workers as the most docile in Europe, though it apparently has not occurred to him that if they were somewhat less docile the Polish gun-toters would be less likely to run amuck, spreading terror and ruin among the neighbour-peoples. Getting down to still another vexatious problem, Mr. Mowrer gives us this gem of diplomatic Jaberwockery: "If, therefore, men were reasonable beings . . . the Irish would settle down comfortably under British rule to enjoy their present unwonted prosperity." Whereas, of course, nothing could be more unreasonable than for the Irish to do any such thing. To anyone even slightly informed on the character of British rule in Ireland, the word "comfortable" tagged to its administration is sheer inanity. As for "unwonted prosperity" in connexion with present-day Ireland, after Sir Hamar Greenwood's bandits have been systematically destroying Irish industry and burning Irish towns for the past three years, the phrase is merely a derision.

Yet for all this Mr. Mowrer's book is well worth reading. In spite of his lack of critical background, and his remarkable credulity and trust in diplomatic Munchausens, his description of the conditions he has actually witnessed in the different countries bears the stamp of authenticity. He has the merits as well as the faults of a faithful photographer.

Mr. Kenneth L. Roberts, another newspaper-observer, writes in lighter vein than Mr. Mowrer, a vein that might indeed be called featherweight. He seems to have jazzed playfully through Europe, carefully noting, however, the details of tourists' costs in the principal cities, so that his book¹ offers some practical information for the prospective traveller. His picture of a heroic Poland saving civilization from the horrors of a Bolshevik invasion would be more convincing if we did not know that the armies of Poland had advanced the length of several hundred miles into Russian territory as a prelude to the Russo-Polish war, and if there had not been similar Polish land-grabbing expeditions into Lithuania and Silesia. It seems odd that Mr. Roberts's observations among the Poles did not raise the question of how long a nation can live on patriotic bombast alone. He notes complacently the Lucullan feasts of the Polish officers and members of the wealthy class, while the mass of the Polish workers are starving on weak carrot soup and chips of sour black bread—in some cases even subsisting on grass and roots. Yet in Germany a somewhat similar contrast evokes his righteous rage. Mr. Roberts states that Mr. Hoover's relief organization is now feeding 1,300,000 Polish children daily, a courtesy doubtless greatly appreciated by a Government whose constant preoccupations in the field of alien real estate leave it little time for internal reconstruction.

Another model democracy in which Mr. Roberts found Mr. Hoover feeding great numbers of children is Hungary. Mr. Roberts states positively that there has been no White Terror in that happy land. His

¹"Europe's Morning After." Kenneth L. Roberts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

authority is none other than the dictator, Admiral Horthy himself. Mr. Roberts asked the Admiral about it, and the gallant officer replied distinctly in the negative, and he also added that under his rule there was no discrimination against Jews—or Hebrews as Mr. Roberts calls them. In view of this plain and positive statement doubtless the writers who have described in sickening detail the conditions in Hungary under Admiral Horthy's terror are wholly in error, if indeed they are not mere Bolshevik propagandists.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Booth Tarkington heartily commends Mr. Roberts's effort, particularly in its humorous aspects. One feels that Mr. Tarkington's praise is most apt, for Mr. Roberts's volume gives us a picture of Europe from the point of view of a Penrod.

In the volumes of both Mr. Mowrer and Mr. Roberts, all Europe stands out depressingly as a continent of misery and starvation, with the privileged few feasting amid its ruins, and every Government's Briarean hands in the pockets of its neighbours. Mr. Alfred J. Seligsberg's unpretentious little volume¹ gives a similar picture in miniature. His matter ranges from notes on the deterioration of the British servant to shrewd observations on the relations between the French press and high finance, and the real significance of the Russian Tsarist bonds sold in France. Perhaps because Mr. Seligsberg is not a newspaper-correspondent he seems a bit more penetrating than the others. In his view the hope of Europe lies in a League of Nations. This theory of salvation through a super-government of privileged interests seems to have an irresistible attraction for liberal minds of the type that valiantly buckled on the fourteen points and led us forth to a peace without annexations and indemnities, and a war to end wars.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

THE GALLIC SPIRIT.

To say of an author that he has made an art of frivolity is to suggest at once the influence of the French; to say that he comes from a distinguished Peruvian family of Lima is to suggest a background of romantic languor and a certain aristocratic nonchalance; when to these qualities of birth and education is added a temperament that inclines to filagrees of thought, that seeks novelty through some inner urge, that by dint of much study and travel has merged its combined heritage of the Old World and the New, one approaches a more or less definite understanding of the place occupied by Señor Ventura García Calderón in contemporary Spanish-American letters. Peruvian by birth, Spanish by blood and historical sympathies, French by adoption, he provides an admirable example of an aristocratic Latin type that is deplorable when considered in the mass, but which, studied in a representative individual, yields all the pleasures of personal charm, distinction of style, and refinement of thought.

García Calderón's style is largely the man; there is something in his melodious, flowing prose that militates against length or too great depth. It calls for miniatures, for exquisite cameos. This delicacy is apparent in the very format and typography of his later books.² It is not strange that to the more virile spirits of his continent he suggests the over-refinement of the Parisian snob, the dandy in literature, yet it would be an error to dismiss him as effeminate. Far better than some of his fellow-critics he has understood the dual nature of Rubén Darío, who, for all his fears and instinctive with-

drawals, was peculiarly an example of the eternal masculine. Señor Calderón's objections to Rodó, too, are those of a sturdy disinclination to overlook the harsher realities of life. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, there is something in his nature that prevents him from appreciating so robust a libertarian as Manuel González Prada, and that inclines him to an occasional indulgence or oversight.

Señor Calderón's literary studies began with an annotated anthology, "Del Romanticismo al Modernismo." This volume gives an adequate, if not exhaustive, bird's-eye view of Peruvian letters. It presupposes a rigid choice of only the best, and although it could never have hoped to prove wholly satisfactory to his fellow-Peruvians, it provides a good starting-point for the foreigner.

As a literary critic Señor Calderón is best studied in one of his recent books, "Semblanzas de América," which is made up of material printed originally in the *Revue Hispanique*. Here, too, we find a high level of musical prose in which more than once the true poet appears. The aristocratic Gallicism of his spirit is unmistakable, though one begins to ask for an occasional discord that shall give the needed variety to the writer's style. It is in this volume that we perceive Señor Calderón's reaction to the philosophy of Rodó—a rejection of that master's optimism, which indicates a new orientation of Spanish-American thought towards sterner interpretations. As a writer of prose Señor Calderón shows a proper appreciation of Darío's journalistic writings and he is worldly enough to understand Darío's paganism, the existence of which is so uselessly denied by critics of a religious bent. He sees the genius that underlies Señor Herrera y Reissig's poetic extravagances; he is bold enough to suggest that Señor Palma's largely imaginary traditional stories would be better than formal history for the instruction of Peruvian children; and if Chocano's latest poetry, which reveals a Tolstoyan Christianity, has not advanced in the direction of Whitman, why, Señor Calderón has but taken the chance of all prophets and has lost. It was inevitable that he should feel intense sympathy for that prince of journalism, Enrique Gómez Carrillo, for Carrillo is to him what Virgil was to Dante:

*Tu se' lo mio maestro e lo mio autore;
Tu se' solo colui da cui io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.*

The spiritual kinship between these two men is as strong as their personal friendship. Gómez Carrillo is the Bohemian Errand of Spanish-American letters. They deceive themselves who count all things as mere journalism that appear in newspapers, and enshrine as art the words that lie between the covers of books. Señores Gómez Carrillo and Ventura García Calderón know better.

Though he has published but little poetry, there is poetry in most of what García Calderón has done. His verses express a sweet melancholy, the eternal disillusionment of all sensitive natures; they seek technical novelty, as in the successful *tour de force* entitled "Monotonía de Versalles" (The Monotony of Versailles), wherein the effect of the monotony is produced by a mono-rhyme in *al* that runs through sixteen verses. At the bottom of all this frivolity of his is a valid attitude toward life. "I love the clouds," García Calderón has said in a sketch suggested by Baudelaire. "I love the clouds, as transient as my grief—the sea, inscrutable as my soul. . . ."

Thus far he has written nothing of any length, although since 1916 he has promised a novel of life in Lima. There is in him no startling originality of conception, though he is capable of acute flashes. He is, *par excellence*, a stylist, and one of the first of his tongue today. His present method seems to have yielded its best products; one feels, therefore, that it is not unreasonable to forecast a change in the character of his future work.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

¹ "Invalid Europe." Alfred J. Seligsberg. New York: Boni and Liveright.

² "En la verbena de Madrid." Paris: Ediciones América Latina.

³ "Bajo el clamor de las Sirenas." *Ibid.*

"Cantilenas." *Ibid.*

"Semblanzas de América." Madrid: Biblioteca Ariel.

THE QUALITY OF MR. D. H. LAWRENCE.

A WELL-KNOWN writer stated recently in a public lecture that the younger American novelists are far ahead of the younger British novelists. If an American wants to understand how far this statement is true he can hardly do better than read Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," and after it Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "The Lost Girl." He will probably need to read both books more than once, but more particularly Mr. Lawrence's, for not everything this strange, intuitive Englishman has put into his book delivers itself up at first. There is a distinct similarity in the subject of both novels—the life of an unusual girl in a small town. Both writers seem to have a perfect knowledge of the small town of their respective countries; both indeed are small-town men with the curious genteelnesses of the small town. Mr. Lawrence can not really get on with his book until he has sufficiently assured the reader that his chief woman character is a lady. This is true of all his novels. Mr. Lewis's genteelness does not take this snobbish form, but with undoubted serious and sympathetic intent he endows his heroine in full measure with that appalling gush which is the American small-town substitute for *savoir-faire*. It is characteristic of both writers and of the countries they represent that the struggle of Mr. Lewis's heroine centres in her desire for wider intellectual interests, and Mr. Lawrence's for wider emotional interests. Mr. Lewis's Carol marries early; Mr. Lawrence's Alvina, in a country where women are pitifully in excess, marries at the stage where her American prototype, long settled in matrimony, having made her tame compromise with life, begins to be middle-aged and to wear horn-rimmed spectacles.

The small town in "The Lost Girl" is called Wodehouse; it has no such interest in intellectual pursuits as has Gopher Prairie, and no such advanced material civilization. If Carol suffered in Gopher Prairie, she would have died in Wodehouse, because for all her brave airs she is a timid soul, nourished on spiritual slaveries; whilst Alvina is an enfranchised spirit, who, no matter what her end may be, will have made a conquest of life. Wodehouse is truly a pitiful place in comparison with Gopher Prairie; it has no social life, no Woman's Club, no intellectual lawyers or tailors; it has never heard of Freud or Baudelaire; it has multitudes of unwashed miners and old maids perishing in virginity; an ugly mining-town, sordid as only English towns can be. But it has what Gopher Prairie has not and would not know what to do with—a town full of individualists to each of whom life is a different adventure, lived infinitely apart and infinitely independent of the life of his neighbour—a profound life—a life common to all old countries, just as the cheerful good fellowship, the vast intolerance, the desire to be like each other, characteristic of the inhabitants of Gopher Prairie, is common to all young countries for whom a tradition has not yet been created by literature. The life of any country, when all is said and done, is what its literature makes it; and it is fairly apparent that contemporary writers are about to make a life for America. The combativeness, the clannishness of the young American writers, the belief that their writing is the best in the world at the present time, the almost total lack of disinterested criticism, the mixture of propaganda with creative writing, the desire to rescue life and literature from foreign influences, all these are recognizable signs to anyone who has already lived through a literary "revival" in another country.

Granting that an able and sincere book like "Main Street" is undoubtedly one of the instruments for clearing the way, it is at this stage well worth considering why it is not on the same plane as "The Lost Girl" as a piece of creative writing. All literature appeals either to the conscious, the subconscious or the superconscious in us. The writing that appeals to the conscious is the commonest, and is nearly always of mere contemporary interest—though often of thrilling contemporary interest

because it gives voice and criticism to eager phases of contemporary life. Almost the whole literature of the eighteenth century was an appeal to the conscious, but it has been rescued for posterity through the wit, the finished grace and the fascinating sophistication of that age. The literature that appeals to the superconscious has in nearly all ages been the great literature of the world. The literature that appeals to the subconscious (this must not be confused with the literature dealing with the subconscious which is often merely conscious in its appeal) is comparatively modern in that it first struggled into wide recognition in the writings of the Scandinavians and the Russians.

Mr. Lewis appeals to the conscious, Mr. Lawrence to the subconscious, so that whereas "Main Street" will have its brief, brilliant morning, "The Lost Girl" and almost everything else that has come from Mr. Lawrence will have its golden day, and, in addition, its chance before that tribunal which hands out passports for immortality. The first third of Mr. Lawrence's book can not lay claim to any great superiority or difference from "Main Street," because like it, it is largely the result of external observation; it is the latter half that shows Mr. Lawrence's remarkable psychological attack and makes the publisher's announcement that "'The Lost Girl' is the literary event of the season in England and America," seem somewhat tame. Mr. Lawrence seems to have absorbed scenes and landscapes, strange people and strange emotions until they have become a part of himself, and when he re-creates them they come on the reader with the shock of a revelation; his people have a reality different from the reality and easy familiarity of the people in "Main Street" whom we can meet any day in any town. We have never met any of Mr. Lawrence's people, yet he has made them so much a part of the consciousness of the world that henceforth we know that we shall meet them. There is the Italian, Ciccio, who becomes first the lover and then the husband of Alvina, several years his senior and in her thirties; he is a man of such inferior intelligence that he is almost inarticulate, almost a moron, and yet a creature of passion and emotion and an artist. This is so subtle a characterization that, like all fine portraits, it reveals not only the man but his race; he is so essentially an Italian that he is like all the Italians—wise men or fools, clowns or philosophers—that we have ever met. An almost equally perfect portrait is that of Ciccio's uncle, Pancrazio, the old peasant who has been an artist's model in London. With his stories that were "at times simple, bare, stoical, with a touch of nobility, or satiric, malicious, with a strange repellent jeering," he is not only an Italian mountain-man; he is a survival from old Rome; he might, as a slave, have served Cato the Censor, or, as a freedman, told tales of the great Mæcenæ to guests in Horace's villa. Christianity and Dante and the Renaissance passed him by, but all the gods and all the Cæsars moulded his spirit. Similarly, in his description of Italy, Mr. Lawrence gives us a country that even in its provinces has still the pride and the sophistication of the Roman Empire. He interprets Italy without exactly understanding it—it is a characteristic of Mr. Lawrence that he often interprets without exactly understanding. When he describes the church where Alvina shudders in disgust at "the lousy dressed-up dolls . . . the blood-streaked Christ on the Crucifix . . . the repulsive, degraded fetish-worship," and at the people with "their vindictive mountain-morality, and rather horrible religion," we see an instance of what he himself, in another sense, calls "English ascendancy," smug and insular. In truth he hates this Italy which he makes so fascinating to his readers.

Although the quality of Mr. Lawrence's gift is more obvious in this novel than in any of his previous books, he has made no advance in the craft of novel-writing; none of his novels can be said to be efficiently done; the most ordinary magazine-writer could give him points on some things. Whilst he puzzles many of his reviewers, they are all agreed on one thing—his frequent tedious-

¹"The Lost Girl." D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

ness. This quality Mr. Harold Munro sees even in his verse. The truth about Mr. Lawrence is that he is not a man of great intellectuality; the intellectual is not the dominant quality among his gifts; there are large gaps and rifts in his book because when his imagination and intuition fail him he either rambles tediously along or stops with shocking suddenness; he has no intellectual subtleties or clevernesses to call to his aid to help him over dull bits or small points of psychology; at times he is left alone with his pen in the air. Nevertheless, since Mr. Lawrence's last book, "The Lost Girl" is the best novel written in English by any of the writers younger than Mr. Conrad.

MARY M. COLUM.

SHORTER NOTICES.

IN its theme and materials, it might be said that "Majesty" (the first translation of which appeared a quarter of a century ago) is so completely outrun by the course of events that it can not even be charged with having dated—in the usual sense of the word. The moral, political and amorous problems of a prince—a tale suggested by the life of Czar Nicholas II—are here treated with a degree of subjective insight which gives the portrait the sharpness and detail of a "close-up" on the screen. Mr. Couperus clears away the divinity and the mystery that hedge about a king, and concerns himself with human emotions and human relations. Doubtless the central figure is somewhat idealized, just as certain of the incidents are not without a touch of stiffness; but the narrative as a whole is veracious and entertaining.

L. B.

IN 1884 an eager young artisan named J. Bruce Glasier united with a few comrades to form a branch of the Social Democratic Federation in Glasgow. Through this organization he became acquainted with William Morris. Mr. Glasier was invited, on infrequent London journeys, to Morris's home in Hammersmith; he talked with "Topsy," he corresponded with him; and on occasion—heaven help the brash young Scotsman!—he ventilated his ignorance of Burne-Jones's art in Morris's presence. The account of this experience, as Miss May Morris says in her preface to Mr. Glasier's volume of reminiscences,² was made by a "man of middle age, sitting at a desk with bowed head, writing on the blotted page his lament over a dead hero." From the smouldering coals of the late Mr. Glasier's narrative bursts the flame of a passionate admiration, an admiration through which both the author and his friend are ennobled. This is not to say that hero-worship has led Mr. Glasier into sanctimonious concealments: there are happy details, for example, of the exact verbal manifestation of Morris's traditional wrath which one does not remember encountering in Professor Mackail's "Life." From these reminiscences the picture of Morris emerges once more with finer clarity—of a man who had no "religion," and no conception of "religious problems," for the reason, perhaps, that he himself was one of the gods.

L. C. M.

THE time has gone when we could suppose that the novelist creates people and events wholly out of the super-clay of his imagination. The novel has studied life, not in some vague and figurative sense, but at very close range; it has had its living subjects and its matrix of actual circumstance. Straight back through the history of the modern English novel there is scarcely a major English writer who is not now known to have used portraiture, self-portraiture, a groundwork of fact. Mr. S. M. Ellis's recent arid study of George Meredith indicates how abundantly Meredith drew upon his friends and even his family for characters. George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës, Bulwer-Lytton, Trollope, Smollett, Fielding, all set actual persons into their books. Defoe, more than any of the others, has long been considered the master genius of pure fiction; but recent scholarship has shown him to be at least partially in his novels what he obviously was through much of his lifetime—a journalist. That excellent story, "The Apparition of One Mrs. Veal," has turned out to be an accurate piece of reporting; and now it appears from Dr. Watson Nicholson's comparison³ with parallel records that the "Journal of the Plague Year," hitherto accepted as nothing

short of a miracle of invention, and still a miracle of storytelling, was heavily in debt to historical, journalistic, and other factual accounts, not only for its substance but even for its language. Indeed, there is a question whether at its beginnings any strict line can be drawn between the novel proper and such forms of record as the biography, autobiography, the journalistic account, and letters. They have all dealt closely with actuality. Kirkman's "Counterfeit Lady," which has steadily been accepted as biography, is shown by Professor Bernbaum's analysis in "The Mary Carleton Narratives"⁴ to have had an immediate hold upon fact while being free and plastic and adaptive enough to earn the name of fiction; and it seems more than likely that many of the so-called criminal biographies of the period belong to the same class. These two studies, Professor Bernbaum's and Dr. Nicholson's, tie into a firm knot certain loose ends of speculation about the novel. Through both approaches its deep-rooted naturalism becomes more than ever clear.

C. M. R.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

"PRINTED in Japan." I find these words on the back of the title-page of Mr. Yone Noguchi's "Japan and America";⁵ and as I turn over the leaves of this little book, so pleasantly made, so gracious in its style, I find myself remembering an afternoon in California two or three years ago. It was in one of those diminutive Japanese tea-gardens one finds here and there along the coast, those miracles of the landscape art, scarcely larger than Gargantua's thumb-nail, which, between sheer "nature," on the one side, and the thoughtless and casual efforts of our own countrymen on the other, almost uniquely suggest the idea of civilization. Suddenly, as I sat there, marvelling at my good luck in having found such a haven, I heard pronounced at a neighbouring table the words "Japanese propaganda," and, glancing up, observed a stout Native Son unfolding a little paper flag which he had discovered in the heart of a rice-cake. That was all, but it was enough, for the dense atmosphere of the war had not yet begun to clear away; it was enough to call up one of those possible pictures of the future with which the alarmed contemporary imagination is already so full. That thought my neighbour had articulated—to what other thoughts, what other visions, in the same brain, it might so easily give birth! One could see it all through his eyes, obscured by the vast mythology of war; one could see in this little tea-garden only an outpost of some malign, some diabolical force, one could see a spy in each of these reserved and courteous invaders (so insinuating now, so Jesuitical!); one could see even the rice-cakes, with their hidden flags and mottoes, invested with a sinister air as of some strange, some nameless variety of bombs. "Japanese propaganda": the words were a charm. And as I glanced again at my neighbour, so complacent, so rational, as he thought himself, no doubt, and opened my mind to what was so evidently unfolding in his, it struck me how little things had really changed between the Egypt of the third century and the California of our own day. All that was required was a phrase to start the fancy working, for this little garden with its flowers and its sea breezes to transform itself in the twinkling of an eye into a veritable Saint Anthony's cave.

For many people the war must have meant a perpetual struggle against these hypnotic suggestions that invade one like the fumes in a mine-shaft. To the majority the universe is always filled with imps and demons, dormant in happy seasons, but ever on the point of emerging, when the clock of diplomacy strikes twelve, as Prussians, Bolsheviks and Sinn Feiners, or as Jesuits or Mormons. One has only to surrender the rudder of one's consciousness for half an hour to the tide of the newspapers in order to become convinced of the presence of horns and flashing tails and abominable eyes in every corner of the planet. These are the terrors of the common lot, for the

¹ "Majesty," Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

² "William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement." J. Bruce Glasier. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

³ "The Historical Sources of Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year." Watson Nicholson. Boston: The Stratford Company.

⁴ "The Mary Carleton Narratives." Ernest Bernbaum. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

⁵ "Japan and America." Yone Noguchi. New York: Orientalia.

majority of men are helpless before them; only the few have sufficient salt and humour in their composition to stand them off. And the few have other terrors!—not devils, but humanity itself, humanity that is possessed with devils. When the war-stampede is on, woe to him who has not been seized by the contagion of the herd; woe to the conscious man in any case who has merely caught the rhythm of the contemporary world and feels, in moments at least, that it has swung beyond the control of any conductor. There are those in this country to-day who are unwilling to pronounce the word Japan lest the mere vibration of the syllables should precipitate some seismic catastrophe, so distrustful we are of the very ground beneath our feet. That is why we need assurances from the other side; we need to know that they speak our language too, a few of those thinking men across the Pacific. For if the world is ever again to come under the control of man, are we not obliged to believe that the same are also in a sense responsible?

Now Mr. Noguchi speaks our language. He knows us, he knows us perhaps too well; for he asks whether we are "still faithful to the Declaration of Independence, Abraham Lincoln and Whitman." He knows Lincoln and Whitman, and he knows how little our life has fulfilled their promise. Mr. Noguchi has the "innocence of the eye," he has lived among us as one of those wanderers to whom the secrets of things are revealed; he sees this country as we ourselves have begun to see it—"floating comfortably on the ocean all by itself as if a well-fed seal or lazy iceberg," and his tolerant criticism of our provinciality, our materialism, our unreflecting emotionalism reinforces the beliefs we hold ourselves. It is this "floating" that means war and bedevilment; and so when Mr. Noguchi speaks of a "literary co-operation" between America and Japan we find ourselves listening gladly, for here at least we meet on a common ground of understanding. And although writers have never possessed less power over events than they possess at present, we feel that we can not lose such an opportunity to stretch even a cobweb across the gulf. Literary co-operation between the peoples? Is there to-day in any country a writer of good will who does not respond to this phrase? It is just because one would like so much to see this co-operation established between Japan and America that one scrutinizes Mr. Noguchi's proposal with a jealous care.

It is evident that if we are to have any such co-operation we must be able to unite on a firm basis. This in turn signifies, on both sides, a study of definitions; and it must be said at once that Mr. Noguchi, for his part, has undertaken it. "I admit," he says, "that we Japanese as poets are lacking in creative power, and do not aim, like many Western poets, at becoming rebuilders of life." He mentions Shelley, Byron, Browning and Swinburne, and he adds: "Not the moving dynamic aspect of all the phenomena, but their settled still aspect inspired the Japanese poets—at least the Japanese poets of olden days—to real poetry. But I know that the times are changing when we must, I think, cultivate the living dynamic life." Those are good words; and while no foreigner could ever have the hardihood, could ever *know enough* to have the hardihood, to level such a criticism at the poetry of another nation, we are permitted to say, perhaps, since Mr. Noguchi has drawn this parallel between the poetry of his world and the poetry of ours, that it corresponds with our own superficial impressions. We may even go further and say that, if the Japanese poets have not aimed at becoming "rebuilders of life," our own poets have aimed at that supremely, have aimed at nothing else, from Dante to Goethe, from Goethe to Whitman; and that this literary heritage is, from our point of view, inalienable and indispensable. Does it matter, in principle, that our American literature to-day seems to belie its heritage? When we speak of "literary co-operation" we at once invoke this heritage: there is the important point. For this co-operation to become genuine, indeed, on our part, we should have had not only to invoke this heritage but to

have revived it in ourselves; for what is the significance of literary co-operation if writers are not, in a way, representatives of their own people; and how can they represent their people if they are not "rebuilders of life"? Shelley, Byron, Browning, Swinburne—yes, and Emerson and Whitman—it was not for nothing that they spoke of tyranny and liberty and all the major preoccupations of social man; it was not for nothing that they dreamed of a world set free. That for us, therefore, whether or not we as individuals are prepared for it, is the only conceivable basis for a true literary co-operation between peoples; and for this reason Mr. Noguchi's criticism of the Japanese poetry of the past, distressing as it may seem to those who love that poetry, is very reassuring for the rest of us. We do not ask, as a gage of friendship, that the new Japanese literature should take its departure from Kropotkin and Karl Marx. What we do say is that we can unite only with those who accept the sovereignty of Goethe, Ibsen and Tolstoy. Is not that what the Japanese poets are doing, if we are to believe Mr. Noguchi, in "cultivating the really living dynamic life"?

It follows, then, if Japanese writers are going to accept our cause, that we must accept it also; it follows that they should insist upon our accepting it! And here one feels that for all his generosity and clairvoyance Mr. Noguchi has been led astray—not through his fault, but through ours. If he had been able to find in this country any firm remnant of the real tradition to which to attach himself, we should have been able to meet him more than half-way; as it is, he could only take on faith the literature he found, he could only accept our own popular illusions. Thus, for instance, he accepts the myth of the pioneers: "the course of American literature," he says, "has been moving westward, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope." Still more unhappily, "if I am not mistaken," he continues, "the writers of free verse and the so-called imagists of the West will be ambassadors to us." What could be more natural? There are more Japanese in California than elsewhere, the imagists write like Japanese poets; therefore California and the imagists are to mediate between Japan and America! And meanwhile it is California which, in our day, produces such novels as Mr. Wallace Irwin's "Seed of the Sun," and it is these very imagists, or some of them, who are the least impregnated with the spirit of Lincoln and Whitman! What does this mean? That the further one travels westward the more one finds the individual losing himself in the mass and being swayed by it: that the more "Japanese" an American writer becomes the more external he tends to become also, the more remote from Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy! This we Americans know very well; we know that for purposes of co-operation they are the strongest who are most essentially themselves, who least resemble their allies, and that it is not a geographical accident, like propinquity, or an economic accident, like pioneering, which makes for an understanding between peoples, but a resolute self-consciousness on the part of individuals. If Mr. Noguchi desires a true and firm literary alliance, he must seek amid the realities of life in America, as we in turn, with a similar desire, must seek amid the realities of life in Japan. The pioneers and the imagists alike are already of the past, while Lincoln and Whitman are with Goethe, Ibsen and Tolstoy, of the past, the present and the future. They voice the great collective effort of humanity; and there can be no literary co-operation between this country and Japan unless we are prepared to recognize these leaders—as Mr. Noguchi himself has recognized them. That is the essence of Mr. Noguchi's appeal, which is in reality not an appeal but a challenge.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Collected Essays and Studies of George E. Woodberry." 6 vols. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

"By-Paths in Hebraic Bookland," by Israel Abrahams. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

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Brookline, Mass.

L. R. R.

Public Opinion

THE public buys its opinions as it buys its meat, or takes in its milk, on the principle that it is cheaper to do this than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is more likely to be watered.

SAMUEL BUTLER meant "part of the public," not "the public," when he thus "writ sarcastick." We like to think—and the letters that flank this on the west bear us out—that there is a public that forms its own opinions and that wants its milk as it comes from the cow.

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